SATURDAY REVIEW OF RECORDINGS FOR JUNE

Saturday Review of Literature

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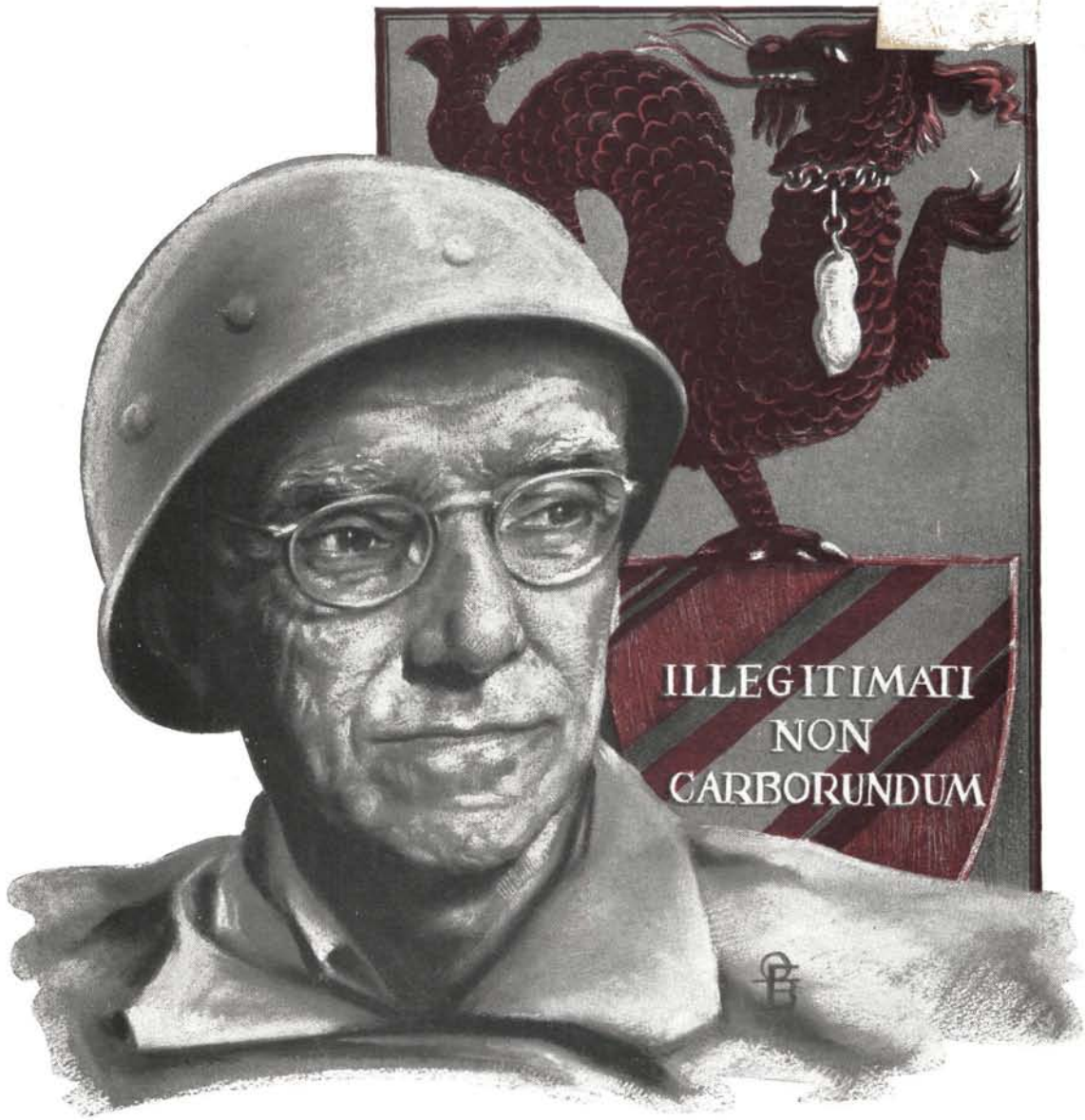
VOL. XXXI No. 22 MAY 29, 1948 EEN CENTS



"The Stilwell Papers"—"no misinterpreting the character of the man who wrote them." *(See page 8)*

The Comics... Very Funny!

By FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, *President*; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 *in Canada*. *Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.* Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 22, May 29, 1948. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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AS THIS BOOK is concerned with previously unexplored areas of history, a new approach and new spirit were required." Thus wrote Siegfried Giedion of his new book, MECHANIZATION TAKES COMMAND. The voluminous correspondence on the book testifies to its long and unique history. It begins with a letter in December, 1938, written by an Oxford editor to thank Giedion for an interview in which had been discussed plans for a forthcoming book on "effects of the industrial revolution on architecture and town planning." It runs through this month, which sees the project realized—in expanded form—in the publication of MECHANIZATION TAKES COMMAND. In the intervening years many things have happened. Dr. Giedion completed his prodigious research into the hitherto unexplored files of private industry and the United States Patent Office. He took time to mourn the death of his good friend, the Hungarian artist Moholy-Nagy, and to write of the troubled aftermath of the war in Europe. It was not until the summer of 1947 that the entire manuscript of this impressive work was in the publisher's office. Finally, there arose the sheer mechanical difficulties of producing a well-made book of 700-odd pages with over 500 illustrations that were completely integrated with the text. But now MECHANIZATION TAKES COMMAND has been published—a highly important and unusual volume.

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A pioneer in the introduction and explanation of modern movements in architecture, Siegfried Giedion was born in Switzerland in 1893 and studied there and in Germany and Italy. He has worked closely with Gropius and others in the Bauhaus tradition. In 1938 at Harvard he gave the Charles Eliot Norton lectures on which his famous *Space, Time and Architecture* was based. He has been a driving force in the International Congress of Modern Architecture.

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TRADE Winds

EAST COAST, WEST COAST

RAILROAD PASSENGERS have noticed with surprise and pleasure that they very definitely are being wooed by once-haughty managements. Many of the improvements in equipment and service stem from C. & O.'s persistent gadfly, Robert Young, but his competitors are beginning to step on the gas themselves. The Missouri Pacific lines, for instance, have ordained, "If a passenger wants to know why a train is running late, or why it is standing so long on a siding or in a station, he must be told the reason. The answer 'I don't know' will not be tolerated."

To airplane passengers, accustomed to evasive and unsatisfactory replies whenever they ask a pertinent question, either before embarking or aloft, this will come as a revolutionary step. It's worrisome enough to be circling aimlessly in the clouds minutes or hours after scheduled landing time without being denied the knowledge of your exact location or the reason for the delay. The first airline that insists upon (1) full information to passengers at all times—including the hours they spend waiting for overdue connections in crowded airports, (2) definite seat reservations in advance, to eliminate miniature football scrimmages at loading gates, and (3) adequate and fair-priced transportation to and from airports, will make its competition look sick within a fortnight.

Quentin Reynolds is one globe-trotter who takes transportation snarls in stride. Bill Williams tells of the time *Collier's* sent Quent to California to do a story and notified Jim Marshall, West Coast editor and author of "Santa Fe," to meet and take care of him. *Collier's* received the following telegram from Marshall: "Reynolds arrived 7:04 today. Plane arrived 7:06. Met both. Everything in order." . . . On the other hand, Muriel Fuller cannot face the hazards of traveling at all, to judge by her "Song of a Would-Be Globe-Trotter":

> Buses turn over,
> Airplanes crash;
> Trains are wrecked
> And autos smash.
> Hikers are slaughtered,
> Ships can sink.
> Better stay home
> Is what I think! . . .

ROARK BRADFORD recently journeyed from New Orleans to Oxford, Mississippi, to interview Bill Faulkner in his native haunt. The resultant piece, a humdinger, appears in the May issue of '48 magazine. . . . Faulkner gave Roark a copy of his famous letter to the Postmaster General, in which he relinquished his job at the University of Mississippi post office. "As long as I live under the capitalistic system," he stated, "I expect to have my life influenced by the demands of moneyed people. But I will be damned if I propose to be at the beck and call of every itinerant scoundrel who has two cents to invest in a postage stamp. This, sir, is my resignation." . . . Bradford found the Faulkner estate cluttered with livestock: horses, mules, cows, hogs, and several varieties of dogs and cats—and a possum penned up in the barn. Bill proposed eventually to set the possum free and see if his half-breed hounddogs could trail it. One night, however, the possum broke out of his cage, and took refuge in a nearby tree. Bradford reports, "The household was awakened by the damndest ruckus you ever heard. The dogs, cats, and one saddle horse had formed a circle around the possum. The dogs were yapping, the cats were yowling, and only the horse was silent, glaring defiantly at the possum." When peace had been restored, and the possum returned to his cage, Bradford asked Faulkner sarcastically, "How come the horse wasn't whinnying?" Faulkner informed him, "It just isn't in the nature of a horse to whinny when he trees a possum." . . .

THE INCREASE IN SUBWAY and bus fares in New York, delayed so long by political opportunists, finally has been voted, and the Public Library is hoping against hope that city fathers will now feel opulent enough to appropriate $15,000 for the purchase of a new bookmobile for the Borough of the Bronx. Staten Island's "Parnassus on Wheels" was restored last July, and is doing a lusty business. The Bronx "traveling library," on the other hand, has been out of commission since 1944. In the twelve years it operated, it made twenty-two scheduled stops a week, boasted over 10,000 registered borrowers, and circulated as many as 83,369 books in one year. When the truck collapsed of old age in 1944, it had traversed over 50,000 miles of Bronx asphalt, and was responsible for circulating more than a million books to Bronx children and adults.

The New York City Planning Commission cited the need for at least nine new library branches in the Bronx as far back as 1943, but, to date, the plans exist only on paper. One new bookmobile would fill part of the gap at least. Suggestion to Bronx readers: tell it to City Hall! Meanwhile, don't begrudge your local bookseller a little extra business. . . . Incongruous as it may seem, the librarian of the Staten Island bookmobile, within the limits of the City of New York, was confronted recently by a hausfrau who demanded a book with "remedies for curing her sick chickens," and an importunate youth who wanted "that book you talked me into borrowing three weeks ago." The gratified librarian asked, "Was it so good that you want to read it again?" "Heck, no," said the bookworm. "I wrote my new girl's phone number in it." . . .

IN AN EXCLUSIVE DRESS SHOP in Beverly Hills, a regular patroness saw a new creation she fancied, and asked the price. "A thousand dollars," said the proprietor without batting an eyelash. The lady recoiled, and exclaimed, "This time you've really gone

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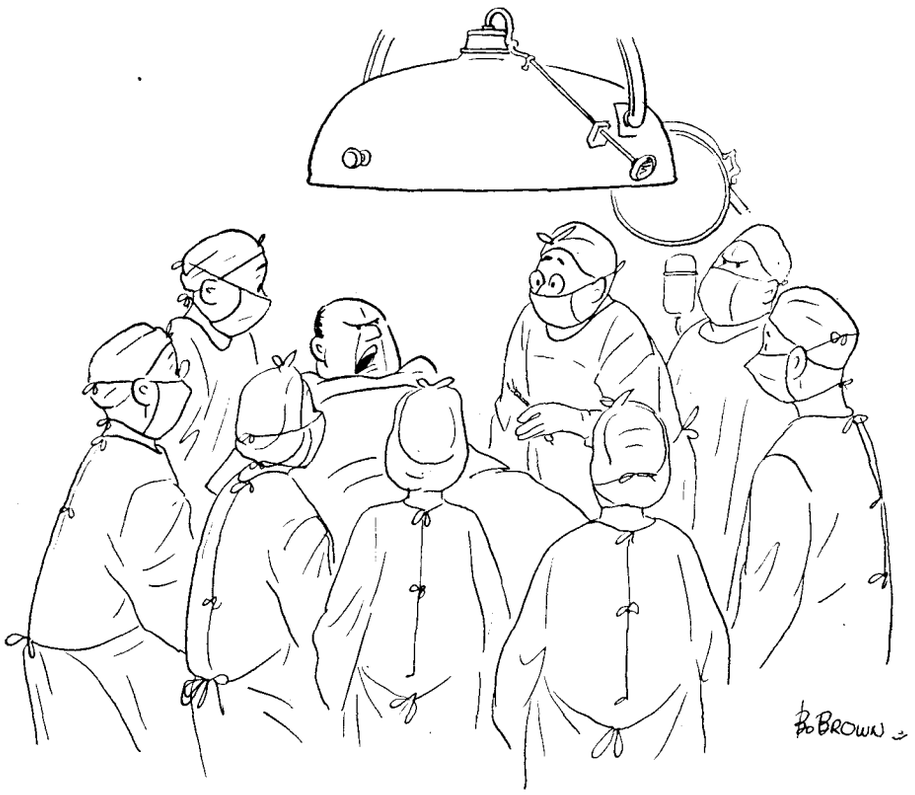

"You mean I gotta pay all these loafers for just standing around and watching?"

too far. New look or not, you're never going to get a thousand dollars for that dress. In fact, I'll bet a hundred dollars you don't." "It's a bet," he replied, "and furthermore, when I do, I'll even tell you who bought it."

As luck would have it, the proprietor did sell the dress for a thousand dollars just a few days later, but he hasn't figured a way to break the news to the lady with whom he bet. The purchaser, it seems, was the lady's husband, making a little gift to his private secretary. . . .

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN, the famous musical-comedy team responsible for "Oklahoma!," "Carousel," and "Allegro," will base their next operetta on James Michener's Pulitzer-Prize winner, "Tales of the South Pacific" (Macmillan), and have flown to Hollywood to recruit a cast. John Logan, who directed "Mister Roberts," and Leland Hayward, who produced it, sense in the Michener book a similar Broadway bonanza, and have climbed on the bandwagon. Those boys are out to break the bank! . . . For years, Dick Rodgers teamed with the late Larry Hart, who was no more than five feet tall. His new collaborator, Hammerstein, is a six-footer. Somebody at the Dutch Treat Club asked Rodgers if the change of partners had made any notable difference in his working day. "One at least," said Rodgers. "When I appeared in public with Hart, people whispered, 'The big one is the S.O.B.' Now, when they see me with Hammerstein, they say, 'The *little* one is the S.O.B.'" . . .

JOHN GOULD, in "The House That Jacob Built" (Morrow), tells of a brace of M.I.T. professors who spent a winter night in a Maine cabin. They were impressed by the way a native guide had set up his stove four feet off the floor on chunks of wood, from which position it did a remarkable job of heating the room. A computation of the floor area and cubic content showed that the stove's heat output was tremendously increased by its position. Amazed that an uneducated woodsman could have figured out a thing like that, they questioned him.

"How did you manage to figure it so closely without referring to any mathematical tables?" they asked.

"Well," the guide answered, "I just had so much pipe and where the pipe ended I had to prop the stove up and attach it." . . .

BING CROSBY WAS INVITED to attend a wedding at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York recently. As usual, he was accompanied by his pal Barney Dean, and, as usual, he was late. Dean tried to sneak him into a side door, but it was locked. Frantically, he rushed around to the Madison Avenue entrance, and then to one on Fifty-first Street, but they were locked, too. "Holy smoke, boss," said Dean, "I think the joint has folded!"

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Comics . . . Very Funny!

FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

AN ANXIOUS mother consulted me some time ago. Her four-year-old daughter is the only little girl in the apartment house where they live. The boys in the building, from about three to nine years old, hit her, beat her with guns, tie her up with rope whenever they get a chance. They hit her with whips which they buy at the circus. They push her off her bicycle and take her toys away. They handcuff her with handcuffs bought with coupons from comic books. They take her to a vacant lot and use her as a target for bow and arrow. They make a spearhead and scare her. Once, surrounding her in this way, they pulled off her panties to torture her (as they put it). Now her mother has fastened the child's panties with a string around her neck so the boys can't pull them down.

What is the common denominator of all this? Is this the "natural aggression" of little boys? Is it the manifestation of the sex instinct? Is it the release of natural tendencies or the imitation of unnatural ones? The common denominator is comic books.

I examine in the clinic a boy of eleven, referred because he fights in school and is inattentive. He says:

> I buy comic books every week. They kill animals, sometimes they kill people. One of the girls is the best fighter. Sometimes they tie her up and sometimes they put her in a snake cave so that the snakes would kill her.

I examine a boy of fourteen referred to the clinic for stealing. I ask him: "Do you think your stealing had anything to do with the comic books?" He answers: "Oh, no. In the comic books it is mostly murder." This is like the arguments used by the experts under subsidy from the comic-book industry.

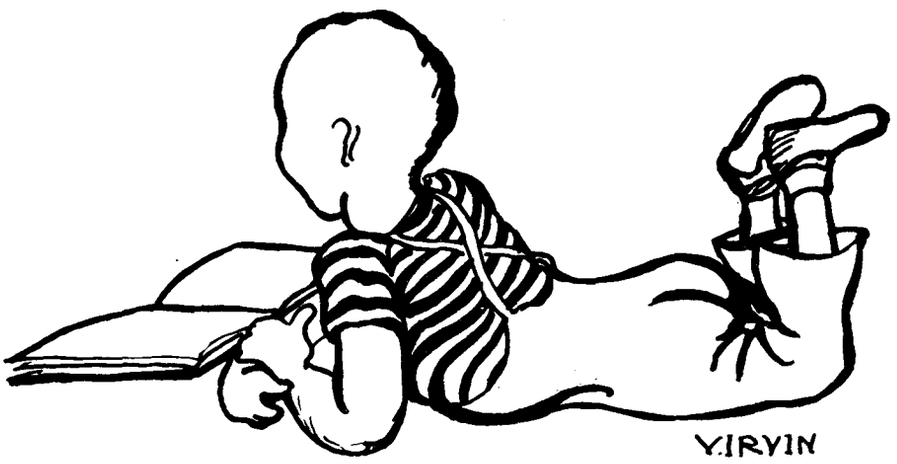
A boy of seventeen is referred to me by the Juvenile Aid Bureau because in an argument he stabbed a boy of thirteen in the right arm "with full intent." He says: "I don't read many comic books—only about ten a week. I like crime comics. Sometimes they kill the girl. In one of the books the girl wanted more money so they stabbed her in the back." Was it "full intent," or was it perhaps imitation that motivated him in his own actions?

A boy of thirteen is a problem at home and at school. He is a real comic-book addict. He says: "They have some kind of guns that shoot out a ray and kill a lot of people." Is that a natural fantasy? Is that a penis symbol? Or is it a kind of reality that a lot of adults dread now and which these kids will have to face sooner or later?

A boy of fifteen took a boy of twelve up a fire escape and threatened to push him down if he didn't give him a quarter. He says: "I read two comic books a day." A thirteen-year-old boy is referred to me by the State Charities Aid Association. He was caught stealing five dollars. When asked why he took it he confided to me that the older boys in school got up a gang and threatened him. If he did not get them the money they would beat him up. So he stole the money and gave it to them. (I verified this later.)

The experts of the comic-book industry tell us that what the children read in comic books is pure fantasy. But when I examine these many children and adolescents who tell me what they read in comic books, I ask myself with Bernardo in "Hamlet": "Is not this something more than fantasy?"

THINK of the many recent violent crimes committed by young boys and girls. A twelve-year-old boy who kills his younger sister; a twelve-year-old boy who kills his older sister; a thirteen-year-old burglar who operates with a shotgun; a seventeen-year-old boy who kills a thirteen-year-old boy and leaves a note signed "The Devil"; a public school in New York City where two police officers circulate on the grounds and in the corridors to prevent violence; a mathematics teacher who has to give examinations with a policeman present in the classroom; a thirteen-year-old who shot a nurse and was sent to a reformatory (where, incidentally, he will read more comic books); a gang of adolescent bandits led by a fifteen-year-old girl; two twelve-year-old boys and one of eleven stopping a man on the street and shooting him with a semi-automatic; a fifteen-year-old boy third-degreed as a suspect in a murder case; three sixteen-year-old boys killing a fourteen-year-old "for revenge"; a New York City school where the older pupils threaten the younger ones with violence and with maiming them, robbing them of their money, watches, and fountain pens. The young victims don't dare tell the names of their tormentors. When two



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of them were asked by a teacher, they refused to answer: "We don't want our eyes cut out." Actually one sixteen-year-old boy in this school was beaten with a broken bottle from behind and cut so severely that seven stitches had to be taken around his eyes. Adults are horrified at this attack. They don't know that this is old stuff for comic-book readers. In one of the "good" comic books ("Classics Illustrated") in a rendering of the novel by Eugene Sue, "The Mysteries of Paris," there is a picture of a man tied down in a chair—a man whose eyes have been gouged out and whose blood runs down from beneath the bandage.

A twenty-year-old youth in New York City has just killed a policeman. Is that so astonishing when he can see anywhere a typical comic-book cover showing a man and a woman shooting it out with the police to the accompaniment of these words: "We'll give those flatfeet a bellyful of lead"? A nineteen-year-old youth has just been sentenced to the electric chair for the murder of a girl of fifteen, despite the jury's recommendation of clemency, by a judge who had previously disregarded a recommendation of mercy in the case of a sixteen-year-

(*Continued on page 27*)

"Marijuana of the Nursery"

—*"Jo-Jo Congo King," Fox Feature Syndicate, Inc.*

"Apologists for comic books . . . all agree that over-stimulation of fantasy with scenes of sex and violence is completely harmless . . .

—*"Jo-Jo Congo King," Fox Feature Syndicate, Inc.*

. . . that they are educational . . . children don't imitate them."

—*"True Crime Comics," Magazine Village, Inc.*

This picture was introduced for the defense in the case against Creative Age Press, charged with violating the Penal Code in publishing "The Gilded Hearse." Dr. Wertham argued that censorship of literature for adults is unnecessary—for children, mandatory, but ignored.

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The War.

In "War As I Knew It," General Patton wrote: "In forty hours I shall be in battle, with little information, and on the spur of the moment will have to make most momentuous decisions, but I believe that one's spirit enlarges with responsibility and that, with God's help, I shall make them and make them right. It seems that my whole life has been pointed to this moment." Patton was a professional soldier, one of a long line of honest, hard-working, brilliant American commanders like Winfield Scott, Robert E. Lee, and General Stilwell, whose "Papers" are reviewed below. Deploring the resort to war, they pursued it as a duty with vigor and imagination, and would have agreed with Patton's saying—which can be applied most fittingly to General Stilwell—that "the acid test of battle brings out the pure metal."

"Vinegar Joe's" Brief

THE STILWELL PAPERS. Edited and arranged by Theodore H. White. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 354 pp. $4.

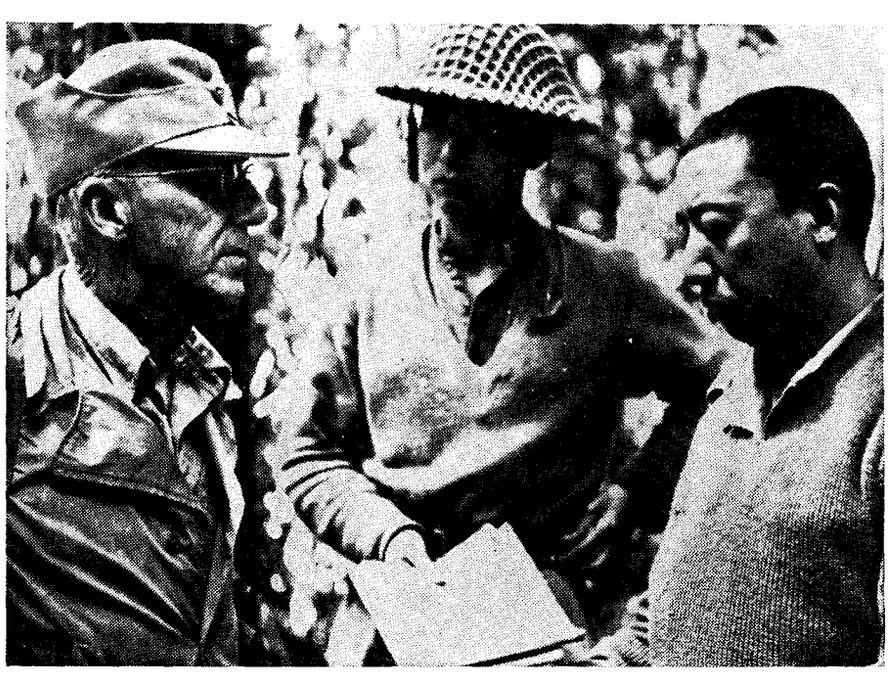
Reviewed by JOHN P. MARQUAND

THE LEADERS of World War II and of its aftermath are already filing their briefs before the bar of history. The memoirs of the Honorable Cordell Hull have but recently been published, and the Honorable James Byrnes has spoken frankly about Russia. The personally supervised biography of the Honorable Henry Stimson has already appeared. The papers of the late Henry Hopkins will soon be in the printers' hands, and Mr. Churchill has now completed Volume I of his war and prewar narrative. Admiral Halsey has written his report and the Eisenhower autobiography is about to go to press. Many truths lie just around the corner, but in all this impressive array of high-echelon confessions there will surely be nothing comparable in form of frankness to the acerbate and profane "The Stilwell Papers"—a collection of fragmentary notes, memoranda, and letters left by the late General "Vinegar" Joe Stilwell, the great figure of Burma, China, and India and one of the greatest captains in the last war.

It may also be safe to add that there has never been any memoir just like "The Stilwell Papers" and perhaps there will never be again. Not a line of it was written with an eye on posterity. Not a sentence has been glossed or tempered to outside reactions, because not a page was ever meant to be published. "The Stilwell Papers" are the clear and lonely thoughts of a brave and embittered man of action who never lost his sense of humor. They are couched in scorching GI language. They are without respect or reverence for very important people. In this regard, General Stilwell has an advantage over most of his high-ranking contemporaries. He does not need to concern himself over hurt feelings or repercussions. He is already dead.

I never met General Stilwell but I once slept for several nights in his quarters in the hotel at New Delhi reserved for officers of the armed forces of the United States. The General was not in New Delhi and one gathered that he stopped there as little as possible. There was not much in New Delhi to help him. But even so his personality was stamped on everything. It was reflected in the polite but hurt bewilderment of American and British staff officers who could not understand why the General seldom used his staff facilities but preferred to consult a few scraps of paper in his pockets and to commune with his own thoughts as he commuted over the Hump. Another side of the General was exhibited in the admiration of certain line officers who had followed him through the disastrous retreat from Burma and who were currently engaged in training his Chinese troops at Ramgarh. His personality was clouded by the usual rumor and gossip. Few were in a position to know what he was doing or trying to do and many of those who did seemed secretly to believe that his mission was hopeless. The climate was terrible, the cooperation of the British was half-hearted for a variety of reasons, many of which were based on the political instability of India herself. Even the ultimate function of the Americans in the theatre was bewildering. On the other side of the Hump, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist Government were reluctant, too, and few except General Stilwell seemed anxious to knife through the Burma jungles and fight the Japanese on the ground. Few saw how anything could be accomplished with the supplies on hand. The China-Burma-India theatre was at the end of the line. There was not enough of anything except prickly heat and dysentery.

This is a mild picture of a scene which General Stilwell dominated through the worst years of the war. It would be impossible to exaggerate the intrigues, the conflicts of personality, and the difficulty of translating any decision into action. General Stilwell stood in the midst of Chinese



"General Stilwell hated the abysmal incompetence, timidity, and corruption of Chinese generals and officials but his scorn never descended to the Chinese troops or people."

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and British suspicions, never able to count wholly on cooperation from either ally and not always on eventual support from Washington. He hated almost everything behind the lines and referred to the general situation as the manure pile. He hated long-winded staff discussions and referred to them as walla-walla and crap. He hated the stubbornness and ignorance of Chiang Kai-shek. He was seldom able to teach him facts. He hated the abysmal incompetence, the timidity, and the corruption of Chinese generals and officials but his scorn never descended to the Chinese troops or the Chinese people.

He had an abiding faith in the Chinese soldier, once he was properly trained and led. In his years there he never relaxed in his efforts to pull something out of almost nothing. The final result was one of the greatest and most startling achievements of the war. General Stilwell and his officers created a Chinese army capable of taking the offensive, an army equipped with American weapons. He marched with it himself into Burma, though a colored American soldier there told him that things must certainly be bad if they had to send an old man like him out to fight in a place like that. He paid for his achievement by reaping the reward so often extended to other great commanders in other wars, in being relieved of his command.

"The Stilwell Papers" are his legacy, for his countrymen to take or leave as they see fit, and he probably would not have worried about their reception since he seldom cared what was thought of him. Secretary Stimson was doubtful of his abilities in their first interview because General Stilwell kept his head down, but General Marshall told the Secretary that if Stilwell sat with his head down he must have been getting ready to use it to butt. Actually the Secretary and General Marshall, who is always referred to as George, are almost the only individuals who get off easily in "The Stilwell Papers." There are few kind words in the General's notes but, as one marches with him through Burma and struggles with him through his interminable and devious conferences, it is not difficult to see why. He did not like people who called him Joe and knifed him in the back. Carmel, California, was the best place in the world. His wife and children and a few deck hands were his friends and he ceased to bother about the rest. He was not impressed by the global strategy of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt or by his interview with the late Harry Hopkins in the White House or by the Joint or Combined Chiefs of Staff. He refers to Winston Churchill as a windbag and once he calls General Wavell a dumbbell. He did not sympathize with General Alexander's Burmese defeats nor did he succumb to the personal charm of Mountbatten. The code word for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was Peanut and in his day-to-day notes he refers to him as Peanut though Mr. Roosevelt did not approve of it. Often when he thought of his British Allies he was very grateful for what General Washington did in the Revolutionary War. In one of his random notes he speaks of military leadership and says that eighty per cent of leadership is character.

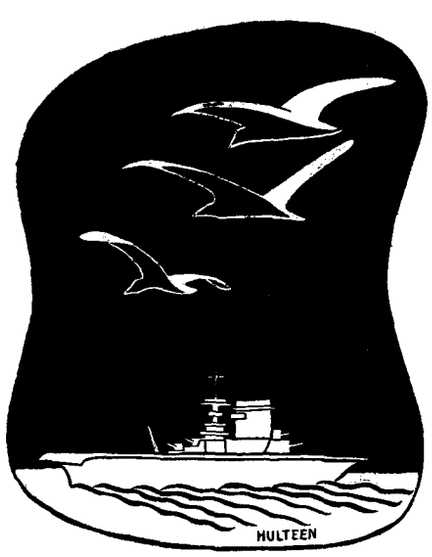
There is no escaping the character of Vinegar Joe Stilwell in "The Stilwell Papers." Their pages are as sour as vinegar. They bristle with intemperate, GI expletives. They sparkle with a savage, malicious humor. There is no misinterpreting the character of the man who wrote them. In spite of their violence there is an innate modesty between the lines common to nearly all outstanding men, and in spite of their sharpness there are kindness and generosity and an instinctive desire to give credit to others where credit is due. Though written for his eyes alone and for those of his immediate family, there is always a temperate quality visible even in his intemperateness. They ring with high courage, selflessness, discipline, and steely determination. They are, in the end, however one may react to them, the words of a great soldier who gave all that was best in him and in the end his life for his country.

From Tarawa to Leyte Gulf

BATTLE REPORT: The End of an Empire. By Captain Walter Karig, USNR. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 532 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS is the fourth volume of the "Battle Report" series, covering the swinging offensive through the central Pacific which began with Tarawa and ended at Leyte Gulf with the effective destruction of the Japanese Navy. As a book it presents some of the faults and most of the virtues of previous volumes of the series. Among the former there is a certain officialdom of atmosphere (nobody on our side ever makes a mistake), and some startling omissions. The great bombardment of Nauru, which threw out of gear the Jap plan for staging planes to the Marshalls, gets only a line with no comment on its significance; the raid of the submarine *Harder* in which she sank five destroyers and completely befuddled Japanese strategy is not even mentioned; and neither is the failure of the Army bombers to reach Tarawa, which certainly helped to make that conquest as bloody as it was.



This is to say that the "Battle Report" series can hardly be taken as a Naval history of the war; but it is fair to report that it has never tried to be anything like that. It is a narrative of what went on on our side of the fence, sufficiently annotated with regard to the enemy to show the general line of what he was up to; a narrative which reproduces an official report in accuracy and statistical completeness but which, being addressed to civilians, places its emphasis on human actions and human problems all the way from the admiral's cabin to the gedunk stand. Yet there is mighty little of the actual gedunk stand in this volume. The adjective of the title has been strictly adhered to, as well as the noun, and the preliminary stages are hurried over in order to give the tale of what happened in the greatest series of battles the United States Navy ever fought.

St. George's Channel, Philippine Sea, and Leyte Gulf are the main naval engagements and they are adequately covered; nor are the exploits of the landing forces at Hollandia, Tarawa, Kwajelein, Eniwetok, Cape Gloucester, Peleliu, and in the Marianas neglected, though the shore action naturally receives somewhat more summary treatment than that at sea. If the reader is looking for analysis of battles and criticism of command decisions, this is of course not his book. For example, on the

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most vexed question of all, Halsey's decision to turn north at Leyte Gulf, the authors content themselves with giving statements of the admirals concerned and some of the dispatches on which they formed their judgments, without one word of speculation or opinion. But there is a good deal to be said for a form of history in which the reader is given most of the relevant facts and is allowed to draw his own conclusions.

OSS Entrance Exam

ASSESSMENT OF MEN. By the OSS Assessment Staff. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 541 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD W. DOOB

DURING the last war approximately 20,000 persons of diverse ethnic and cultural backgrounds were employed by the Office of Strategic Services to collect intelligence, engage in sabotage, lead resistance groups, conduct "black" propaganda against the enemy's morale, and compete with other American organizations in the battles of bureaucracy. About one-quarter of these were approved as more or less good psychological risks by a staff of psychologists and psychiatrists under the leadership of Drs. James A. Hamilton, Donald W. MacKinnon, Henry A. Murray, and many others. Candidates for the OSS were examined at special observation stations located in or near Washington, in California, and in different parts of the CBI Theatre. The examination, which in the United States lasted three days at two of the stations and one day at another, always included a psychiatric interview and variety of paper-and-pencil tests. Whenever possible, the final assessment of a man also depended upon the impression he wittingly or unwittingly gave to a team of trained examiners, as well as upon his performance under test conditions (like an obstacle race or a drinking bout) which stimulated those about to confront him in actual service, and which simultaneously revealed some of his personality traits. The rationale of the procedure was relatively simple: a carefully obtained sample of the candidate's personality and behavior in artificial and natural situations could serve as the basis for predicting his future performance and his relations with other members of the OSS.

This thoroughly conscientious, honest volume describes the OSS assessment program in complete detail. It indicates the difficulty of the task: predictions were required which were based in many instances on a hasty survey of the personality and which were to be validated almost always under unforeseeable circumstances. An individual assessed as emotionally stable, for example, might perform poorly because he was confronted with an extremely difficult and dangerous mission; whereas another person observed under similar conditions and considered to be less stable might be rated the best performer in a unit with a routine function. The writers of the report frankly expose their rather impossible assignment, dramatically outline their fumblings and mistakes, and yet modestly indicate their pioneer accomplishments.

What were these accomplishments? The program cannot be fairly evaluated because, among a great many other reasons, the hurly-burly of war prevented the testing staff from securing accurate reports on the performance of the men and women who had passed through the testing stations. "There is no tangible proof," the writers of the report say, "that the OSS assessment staffs produced effects which more than balanced the expenditure of time and money." Such a conclusion is too sweeping. Although it is true that the correlations between assessment and rated evaluation of performance tend to be quite low, almost no seriously wrong prognostications were made. The neuropsychiatric-breakdown rate among those assessed was lower than among the OSS personnel who had not been screened. In spite of the exigencies of war and the rather unsystematic "multiform" theories that guided the testing program, very significant and numerous insights into our knowledge of human personality and its measurement gradually emerged.

The report itself is permeated with statistics, as indeed it would have to be. But the writing sparkles with the urbane wisdom and wit of Dr. Murray, and it always concentrates upon the exciting problem at hand, the predicting of behavior. The program, moreover, is not an historical curiosity. It offers suggestions to any organization employing large numbers of people which seeks to select fewer square pegs for round holes. In fact, it is tempting to say that the volume is a breach of national security since it is potentially so useful.

Leonard Doob, Yale psychologist with extensive wartime experience in the OWI and OSS, is the author of the current book "Public Opinion and Propaganda."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 258

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 258 will be found in the next issue.

FMX LKJJXHXGEX DXFCXXG

B ZHXYWLKEX BGL B

EVGTKEFKVG KP FMBF RVW

EBG XOZNBKG B EVGTKEFKVG

CKFMVWF SXFFKGS QBL.

DBZFKPF QXPPBSX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 257

If in the last few years you haven't discarded a major opinion or acquired a new one, investigate and see if you're not getting senile.

GELETT BURGESS.

My Current Reading

We present below a list of the reading of General **Omar N. Bradley**, famed commander of the Twelfth Army Group during the war in Europe, recently administrator of veterans affairs, and now Chief of Staff:

THE MEANING OF TREASON, *by Rebecca West (Viking)*
WRITE SORROW ON THE EARTH, *by Charles C. Wertenbaker (Holt)*
BACK HOME, *by Bill Mauldin (Sloane)*
SPEAKING FRANKLY, *by James F. Byrnes (Harper)*
THE GALLERY, *by John Horne Burns (Harper)*
RUSSIA'S EUROPE, *by Hal Lehrman (Appleton-Century)*
THE GLADIATORS, *by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan)*
THE GREAT REHEARSAL, *by Carl Van Doren (Viking)*

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U.S.A. *The last fifteen years have seen a remarkable growth in the power and breadth of books written by American journalists. The moral earnestness, the vigor of Duncan Aikman's "The Turning Stream," reviewed below, can perhaps be traced still further back, to the early twentieth-century period of the muckraking journalists like Lincoln Steffens, and Ray Stannard Baker of* McClure's Magazine. *But the broad sweep of Aikman's work belongs to a later development among journalists' books, a development which really dates from Vincent Sheean's introspective, highly philosophical "Personal History" of 1935. "The Turning Stream" is, of course, less personal, more historical than Sheean's book, since Aikman is primarily a political reporter. It seems clear, however, that our abler journalists are beginning to penetrate the field of ideas, politics, and history, without losing the freshness of their reportorial approach.*

Spoiled Giant at the Great Bend

THE TURNING STREAM. By Duncan Aikman. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1948. 440 *pp.* $5.

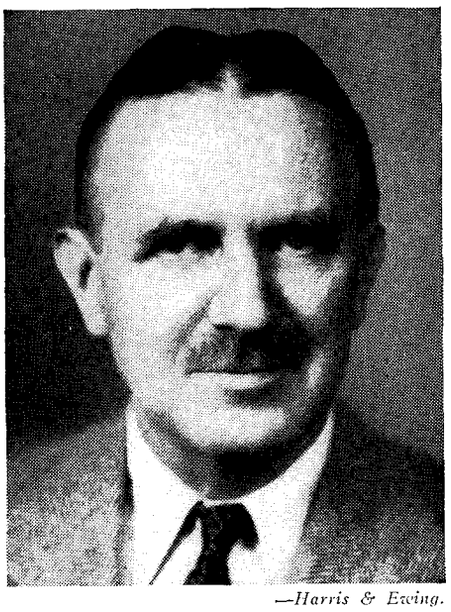
Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. AIKMAN'S volume is a prodigious book—prodigious in the way information has been stuffed into it, prodigious in its amalgam of informal history and present (and often, I am happy to say, prejudiced) discussion, prodigious also in that it is a kind of enormous *apologia* for being a liberal American of wide newspaper experience, acquaintance with men in public life, knowledge of international issues, and deep concern for the state of mind of the Republic. The Republic is, in Mr. Aikman's insistent figure, a Spoiled Giant; and his thesis is that you can't go on being a Spoiled Giant in the twentieth-century world. Finally, this is a prodigious book because of the enormous gusto with which it is written. Mr. Aikman's style invokes nostalgia in us who knew the elder LaFollette's time and remember the dear dead days of *The Smart Set,* for it is in the full-blooded tradition of the Great Mencken, and lifts its barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world with much the same orchestral noises.

There are sixteen chapters to this combination of encyclopedic lore, passionate disgust with little men, and devoted admiration for the possibilities latent in the Republic. In front of each chapter Mr. Aikman has thoughtfully provided a short passage in italics—a kind of rubric-cum-summary of what follows—and I am almost tempted to write my review by amalgamating selected passages from these preludes, but the fear of God and Aikman prevents me. I shall begin by noting the significance of the title. "This book, then, is about the Great Bend where, it now seems, the Stream of Time may turn for us." The problem before the Republic is how to pass around the bend. Arteriosclerosis has set in, and we don't welcome change. But unless we recapture the old flexibility of mind and spirit, we sell out to the neo-Fascism.

Mr. Aikman notes how the frontier initiative passed into the buck-private initiative of two world wars; he recognizes the service that a laissez-faire philosophy did us in our youth; but he warns us against the latest form of infidelity to that initiative—that stolid, stupid form of "Americanism" which insists that because our forefathers succeeded with their set of values and their patterns, these values and these patterns must be defended by the NAM, the Republican Party, the Democratic diehards, the House Committee on un-American Activities, and the DAR until the end of time. And in chapter after chapter he scores, by observing how the vitality of one generation becomes the Byzantine rigidity of its grandchildren. I shall steal enough from his introductions to indicate the scornful honesty of his diagnosis:

> The USA people fell in love with the bigness of their operations, and above all with the bigness of success itself. They were so much the world's greatest nationalistic success story that too many of us nowadays come close to believing that nothing but success can happen to us.
>
> USA education . . . is organized to teach complacency and complacent patriotism rather than adjustments to technological and world political changes.
>
> A large segment of USA press and radio, the public statements of our business and political leaders, the proceedings of the majority in the Eightieth Congress, are rank with nostalgic passions. . . . Such leaders and spokesmen cannot face the practical issues of economic or political reorganization, of socialization, of world peace and security, or the world Communist challenge, because, for good and evil, any decision which threatens drastic change is an intolerable shock to the nostalgic values.
>
> . . . perilous is the rigging of USA's economic system to provide profits for investments and speculations at the expense of mass job security and the steady flow of purchasing power and consumer demand.
>
> . . . the fond hopes of getting our isolation back by checkmating or crushing Russia account for much of the popularity of current prescriptions for getting tough with USSR.
>
> What is needed for a clear view of the many socialization issues which may confront the USA people in the next few years or decades is to divorce each project, as it comes up for practical decision in local or national politics, from the prejudices, phobias, and fears of the Socialist, Marxist, and free-enterprise religions. With or without socialization, our job for the rest of the twentieth century will be to make our complicated technological economy work. Increased socialization is likely to be required. . . .



—Harris & Ewing.

"Duncan Aikman has a sardonic strength of invective and passion of belief."

In these crowded pages there is a discussion of a Soviet-American war that makes more sense than anything I have seen in print. Mr. Aikman takes up all the possibilities — win, lose, or draw, and shows the complete uselessness in every sense—military, diplomatic, financial, economic, industrial—of such a war, the utter folly of our recruiting any and every ally in pseudo-, neo-, and plain Fascist states against Red Fascism. He demands with great good sense (and knows that nobody will pay any attention to him) that we should be-

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gin teaching all we can about Russia in our public schools. He requires (and sadly knows the folly of his requirement) that a new Secretary of State should come into office with this directive:

> Your assignment is not to "fight Communism," or to destroy, or to advance Communism. Your assignment is to blast the choice between the two murderous alternatives from the lives of the USA and the USSR peoples and the world. Your assignment is not to fear being called an "appeaser" or a "traitor" when you propose a method for doing this. If you had not the courage to stand such minor injuries to your sensitiveness, you would not have this assignment.

There are a good many things wrong with "The Turning Stream," but lack of courage is not one of its defects. There are some historical blunders; the chapter on what's the matter with government personnel seems to me mere scolding; and I get tired of the shabby rhetorical device, inherited from Mencken, of talking about "Doctor Adam Smith" and "Doctor Benjamin Franklin." But these defects do not matter. This book has guts. It is the book which, in the hysteria of reaction now everywhere to be found, some of us have been looking for. Mr. Aikman offers no apologies for defending the New Deal or dwelling on the ineptitudes of Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. He has a sardonic strength of invective and a passion of belief which make him a hard man to wrestle with.

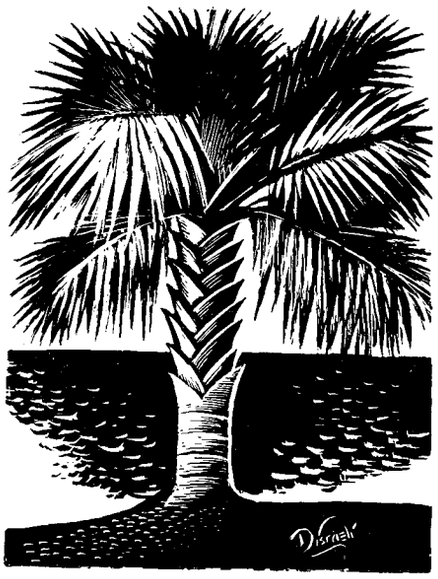
Perhaps we have reached the bottom of the trough of obscurantism in public life. Perhaps "The Turning Stream" means that we are making progress round the bend, and there is to follow a recrudescence of liberal hope, a growing belief that "get tough with Russia" is a pretty silly and pretty shallow formula for international policy, a rediscovery that the NAM isn't composed of magicians. Mr. Aikman goes back to the days when Walter Lippmann really thought that government had some obligation to act positively in social and economic questions (remember "Preface to Politics?") I hope his book is widely bought and read.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 739)

ANDREWS:
AN EXPLORER COMES HOME

Tortoises head the list of animal longevity. One on St. Helena is probably the only living creature that saw Napoleon. Another on the island of Mauritius . . . home of the extinct dodo bird, is at least one-hundred-and-sixty-five years old.

Brown Man's Burden



I HAVE LIVED WITH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Manuel Buaken. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1948. 358 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

MANUEL BUAKEN came to the United States from the Philippines because he had seen men return to his native land with money and knowledge. He heard one say:

> America is the greatest country on earth; the American people are the greatest people. . . . American democracy is the highest and most enlightened form of government, because it seeks to elevate all men regardless of creed, belief, background and tradition, color, and nationality.

But the America Buaken came to was different. Filipinos in California, he found, could get only the menial jobs nobody else wanted. Their pay was lower. They were suspected of dishonesty without evidence. Because they were mostly young men, forbidden by California law to marry "white" girls despite the fact that there was only one Filipina to twenty men, they sought release in taxi-dance halls, were victimized by prostitutes, then accused of immorality.

Manuel Buaken was meanwhile supporting himself as a hotel worker and houseboy, learning English, and ultimately rising to the top of his class in college and excelling in public speaking. He knew other Filipinos who were law-abiding, good husbands, substantial businessmen. Why the hostility against his people, he wondered?

Meanwhile, among Christian leaders, teachers, and employers he found Americans who were kind, generous, anxious to help. He remembered great Americans in the Philippines who had helped his people—men like Frank Carpenter, who by walking unarmed through the Moro country of which he had been appointed governor gained the allegiance of that fierce people without bloodshed. He thought of the great Filipino hero and martyr José Rizal, whose death in the cause of liberty had an American quality.

It puzzled him to know how America could profess democracy and equality regardless of race, how many Americans could live up to such a creed and still permit so much of the national life to be dominated by prejudice and discrimination — how such diseases could grow in a rich and confident land.

Then war came, and overnight Filipinos became heroes. "No more merchants of hate parade their stuff in big weeklies. . . . America has learned to respect us. No longer on the streetcar do I feel myself in the presence of my enemies." The change was as puzzling as the previous disparity between words and deeds. "We Filipinos are the same—it is Americans that have changed in their recognition of us." If Mr. Buaken is addicted to irony, he may have wondered why it takes a war to make people discover already evident facts.

There are, he points out, many commercial opportunities for Americans in the Philippines today. Some of his suggestions in this line are interesting indeed. But it is not likely that men whose racial prejudice has made Filipinos unhappy here will succeed in working with them in their own country. Even when measured in dollars and cents, racial prejudice is poor business in a world where the main areas awaiting development are in Asia and Africa.

"Unless people know that there are no 'superior' and 'inferior' races, no God-given rights to rule over other races . . . there can never be a new order, can never be any realization of the dreams we all hold for peace and prosperity and liberty for all of us," Mr. Buaken concludes.

Written during the war, Mr. Buaken's book has a slightly dated quality. But this does not destroy the interest of his narrative, for there has been too little told about the Filipinos in our midst. If he had written a straight personal narrative, weaving his historical and case history material into it instead of letting them run side by side, it is likely that this volume would have a wide popular appeal. Even so, it has the warmth, fervor, and gentle politeness one who knows them expects of the Filipino people.

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Our Own Worst Enemy

THE MAN IN THE STREET. By Thomas A. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 334 pp. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD L. BERNAYS

A WORK such as Bailey's is long overdue. There has been no dearth of histories that have presented the past from the standpoint of biography, conquest, war, politics, economics, and culture, but little investigation has been made of the impact of public opinion on history. Mr. Bailey carefully examines indices of public opinion available to him and presents his facts and interpretations in 318 pages, most of them interesting, well-documented, and studded with a wealth of quotations. He relies, in the period before 1935, on acts of Congress, on studies of the public mind as revealed in contemporary literature, newspapers, letters, statements made by group leaders and opinion molders. After 1935 he uses the additional data provided by national polls on foreign affairs made by Dr. George Gallup, Elmo Roper, and the National Opinion Research Center. In fact he has studied the entire field of communications, and evaluates their contents as symptom and cause of public opinion.

The conclusions which Bailey arrives at are not palatable. His prognosis is not good. He presents a serious indictment of the American people and of the American Government as capricious, selfish, and ignorant blunderers on the international scene. He places most of the blame on the American people, and he believes that the powerful influence of the man in the street constitutes a national danger. Many readers will disagree with this. "The man in the street does not know a star in the sky," is his flyleaf quotation from Emerson, and Bailey concludes that our average citizen knows even more about astronomy than about foreign affairs.

To support his theory that public opinion endangers national security, Mr. Bailey selects opinion and fact. He proposes an antidote to this danger. Let us, he suggests, endow the people with wisdom, and quotes F. C. Morehouse: "The problem of democracy is not the problem of getting rid of kings. It is the problem of clothing the whole people with the elements of kingship." He builds an admirable platform of pleasant fantasies, which —and we admit deep disappointment in the lack of constructive imagination of this excellent historian—it is apparent are not likely to be substantiated in the perceptible future. He suggests that America attract the best brains into Government service, vote for the best men, those who have the broadest approach on foreign affairs, delegate responsibility to able public servants, educate people for citizenship and statesmanship, raise educational and apperceptive levels of our entire population, improve its textbooks, secure more critical teachers and a more critical public, develop more tolerance in international relations, be more objective, keep its head in crises, and half a dozen other desiderata the virtue of which nobody can deny. He makes every effort to maintain objective aloofness, and generally succeeds.

He takes up one after the other the leading characteristics of our foreign relations public opinion as he sees it, our firm but illogical loyalty to democracy, the hyphenates, manifest destiny, unguarded ramparts, capriciousness, dollars versus idealism, xenophobia, xenophilia, isolationism, the sucker tradition, sectionalism, apathy, free seas and open doors, propaganda and pressure groups, printing and airways, selfishness, politics in foreign affairs, ignorance, and other cogent attitudes. All these chapters are enriched with quotations so telling that they must arouse a good deal of envy in the heart of other writers. The quotations support his theses and they are fascinating *per se*.

Occasionally, however, his interpretations betray a chauvinism that is surprising in a scholar who categorically condemns national myths and xenophobia. He turns up his nose now and again at the ingredients of the American melting pot. Criticism of insularity might be leveled against his discussion of the hyphenated Americans who took so large a part in this country's history.

The chapter on polls should be read carefully by all who help direct public affairs. Our own studies verify the instability of individual opinions on such matters as foreign affairs and international relations. Polls are reliable only as a current index. For that reason it is important for our leaders to understand the background of polls, to use them as a guide, but not as commands. Our polls show, Bailey says, that our least-educated citizens are the most narrow-minded and short-sighted and that they are the most militaristic, possibly because they are the most insecure. He advocates with Lowe, "Now we must educate our masters." He thinks America cannot endure with nine-tenths ignorant and one-tenth informed.

—*Sargent.*

"The conclusions that Thomas A. Bailey arrives at are not palatable."

Mr. Bailey's discussion of the shortsightedness and selfishness of pressure groups in public affairs is interesting. He ascribes our capriciousness in foreign affairs to ignorance. He accuses us of indifference when we should have been excited, and excitement when we should have been indifferent. He discusses our inferiority complex in our early history. He explains our conflicting emphases on idealism and dollars. He traces the myths and realities that have made us xenophiles and xenophobics. He explains by way of example that the Finnish loan was commercial, and was not a war debt, and yet our enthusiastic attitude toward the Finns was based on the general belief that they had paid a war debt. Despite our recurrent isolationism, which he ascribes to our geography, he proves that isolationism has never worked; between 1689 and 1945 we were unable to stay out of nine general, or what might be termed world, wars.

He deflates the Monroe Doctrine. Says it was merely words until we were strong enough to enforce it. Now it is no longer a unilateral doctrine but a multilateral one. We regret that more space was not devoted to his discussions of propaganda and pressure groups, and the printing press and airways. He sees the need for better training and higher standards in our journalism, of press and air. He believes that shortcomings are the fault of the public as well as of the media, which, because they are subject to a profit motive, must of necessity be affected by the public.

Edward L. Bernays is the author of "Crystallized Public Opinon," "Speak Up for Democracy," and other books on similar subjects.

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Belles-Lettres.

What one might call the autobiographies of the spirit play a unique role in world literature. By-products often of more conventional artistic activity, such personal records as the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini" and John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" unconsciously express the conflicts, the aspirations, the philosophy of the intellectual of the period. The Italian Renaissance overflows from the lusty pages of Cellini's story; in "Grace Abounding" the religious fervor of the seventeenth-century Protestant still shines at its purest. Two poles of thought in the America of the nineteenth century speak through Emerson's "Journals" and "The Education of Henry Adams." So for our own times we have, in "The Letters of T. E. Lawrence," for instance, and in André Gide's "Journals" and the "Diaries" of Franz Kafka, both discussed below, portraits of today's suffering, alienated intellectual.

Voice of Western Protestant Conscience

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE. Volume II: 1914-1927. *Translated from the French and Annotated by Justice O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1948. 462 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THE FIRST volume of André Gide's "Journals" to be published in the United States covered the years from 1889 to 1913, and contained the record of Gide's youth and literary apprenticeship. The present volume continues the story from 1914 to 1927. The fascinating record of the French and European literary scene during this period is matched again by the story of Gide's literary development, his personal conflicts, and his domestic existence. A third volume of the "Journals," to be published before 1950, will complete the project.

Meanwhile the two volumes already available, brilliantly edited and handsomely printed, are surely an achievement in themselves. These "Journals" are remarkable and wonderful books to which no reviewer with a sense of perspective can hope to do justice. They were entered upon by Gide almost as a diversion, and carried forward as a form of literary discipline. But the "Journals" also became a source of salvation to Gide, or at least a method of preserving his sanity. They contain as much of the artist's heart and mind as we have any right to expect, and they will probably stand as his most complete and enduring work.

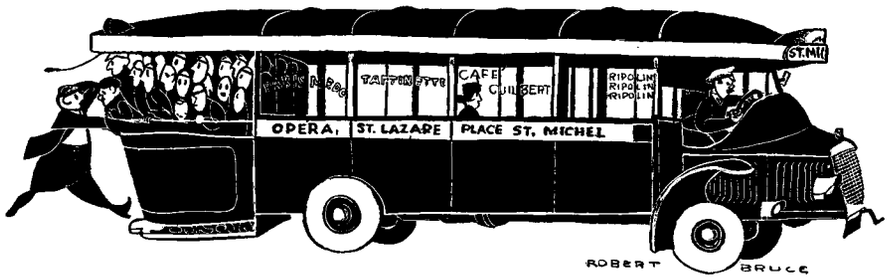
Perhaps indeed the "Journals"—informal in tone, irregular in context, a skilful and absorbing mixture of portraits and places, of drawing-room gossip and metaphysical speculation, of remarkable passages of literary criticism and moral scrutiny, of lyrical outbursts and personal revelation—will be considered as the only books of Gide which completely represent him. For this is a very complex personality, full of scruples and modesty, tormented, evasive, and oblique, as well as singularly penetrating and sincere, and in the second volume of the "Journals" we see Gide playing at least four or five roles. He is the Parisian, or European, literary man, editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, a powerful influence, friend of Paul Bourget, Jean Cocteau, Proust, Leon Blum, Walter Rathenau, and innumerable other celebrities. He is an established novelist, dramatist, poet and critic, translator of Conrad and Whitman and many other artists of his time, a classical scholar, a leader of the modernists.

But he is the solitary artist, too, distrustful of what he has achieved, conscious not only of having been misrepresented in the public eye but of having misrepresented himself, the prey of religious doubts, the victim of sensual impulses, the disturbed student as well as the acknowledged master of his craft. And how full these pages are of relapses and self-reproach, of prayers and promises, of illness and anxiety as well as of "the most abominable desires" and penances! Yet consider Gide's actual output during these years: "Lafcadio's Adventures," "Corydon," "If It Die . . ." and "The Counterfeiters" among his other stories and plays, essays, introductions, translations, and lectures. He has been excoriating himself not for not doing enough, but for not doing more. Moreover, his sexual conflicts were as violent as ever at the age of fifty, and as painful. Cuverville, where Gide also played the role of country gentleman, and pruned the trees, and studied the birds, and entertained the neighbors, often seems like an estate of the damned.

Probably Gide still remains one of the last great voices of the Western European Protestant conscience. This is essentially a religious mind without a religious framework. Like Rilke, or Kafka, too, Gide is an almost classic example of the modern genius, that is to say, of excessive sensibility, of introspection and subjectivity, of talent that has been cut off from many of its natural sources and activities. One notices his disdain for politics, his final indifference to the First World War or the issues of the Peace, his belated and rather naive concern with the revolutionary social forces of his time, or of his own country. (In this sense, even the issue of homosexuality, to which Gide devoted such a large part of his career, and so much compassion, analytical force, and moral fervor, takes on an historical significance.) It may take another epoch of blood and tyranny before we again reach such flowering of individualism.

André Gide's historical moment may have passed. But his justification seems clear in the eyes of the God whom he finally placed as the object, and not the cause, of human progress. He accepted his final role, too, and he gave to it all his intensity, his marvelous curiosity, his power and humility. The tone of the "Journals" is often ironical or entertaining, sometimes theatrical, but that is the real story they tell, and that is why, probably before any other work of Gide's, they will become part of the historical record. Mr. O'Brien's translation seems to me, an outlander, a first-rate job.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "The Last of the Provincials: The American Novel 1915-1925," *the second in a series of such studies on the leading American novelists from the Civil War to the present time.*



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Secret Key to a Cabala

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA, 1910-1913. Edited by Max Brod. New York: Schocken Books, Inc. 1948. 345 pp. $3.75.

THE FROZEN SEA: A Study of Franz Kafka. By Charles Neider. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 195 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARJORIE BRACE

IN intellectual circles, Kafka has become the most discussed writer of our time. His writing sought to penetrate the mysteries of what he called a social Cabala that conceals the inner meaning of life. His work is a question to which—and this is the source of his power and significance—he refused to give an answer. Kafka was truthful, for his material could not be falsified: it was the unconscious mind. Truth fascinates those whose professions involve discovering its rarity, and there has grown around Kafka another Cabala, of critical interpreters. It has, basically, two schools: the mystic, which considers "The Trial" and "The Castle" to be religious allegories of man's search for Justice or Grace, and the naturalist, which regards Kafka as an artist whose theme is social alienation, or its psychic equivalent.

In Mr. Neider's interpretation, Kafka is not a metaphysician, nor a surrealist wallowing in the unconscious, but one who realistically objectifies Everyman's dream life, and objects to it, on rational grounds. Neider says that Kafka's baffled yet always logical protagonists are heroes of Reason; that Kafka deliberately employed psychoanalytical symbolism throughout his work, the theme of which was his own secular aggression against Father and Society—not the spiritual plight of man, but infantile sexuality. Neider proffers a "secret key": Kafka actually underwent an unsuccessful analysis; his novels deal with a patient who "rejected the analyst" and "accepted the neurosis," glorifying the suffering and failure in art.

Kafka, in short, reacted to ambivalent attitudes about his father with a guilt that made his stories allegories of self-execution, but also with the intellectually onanistic pleasure of controlling emotion by "omnipotence of thought." His heroes seek the castle and the trial of sexual and social norms but reject it.

Mr. Neider has a firm grasp on his brilliantly rational argument. Here is a Kafka bereft of mystery and, except to professional searchers for truth, perhaps more interesting than Kafka's books, which, to the lay reader, have somewhat the nightmarish dulness of a mental illness encountered in real life.

Neider's study is especially absorbing to the professional in that he is not, he asserts, a "solipsistic" critic, forcing his own ideas on the subject; rather, he examines Kafka in the light of irrefutable scientific evidence. His subject is Kafka's books, not any unprovable spiritual implications in such facts as that Kafka, always reluctant to publish, and "growing happier" in his last years, wanted most of his books destroyed, feeling them to be "hampering" fragments unless they merged in "a complete work."

The problem Neider solves with aplomb is stated with pain in Volume I of Kafka's "Diaries," now issued for the first time in translation. The early developments of Kafka's central themes may be followed in these beautifully-written and hauntingly tragic diaries, in which he wrote and rewrote ideas for stories, related his dreams, and fled through the maze of a self-lacerating frustration.

Kafka's observation of the world outside himself was, like his style, precise, realistic, opaque. His thematic obscurities were those of his inner conflict. Unhappily, he stared out the window of a preoccupied self; he could do no more than look. He lived the dream of his stories, a dream in which everything perceived was sharply, vividly "real," but in which the sought-for goal was always retreating, or dispersed by a centrifugally repelling fear of life itself.

That Kafka deliberately chose a symbolism explicating either a theological or psychoanalytical theory is improbable. The diaries show little interest in abstract ideas as such, and throughout them there is an obviously innocent usage of the same symbols Neider hunts down so intently in Kafka's other work. Whatever the remaining parts of the diaries may reveal of later events and emotional changes, Kafka's writing, as he himself was aware, was the instinctively imperative weapon of an energetic rejection. The intellectual control imputed to him by Neider appears to be a subtle additional defense, for which Kafka should not fairly be blamed.

Kafka was a great psychological explorer, who, in his work, dissolved the mythical beliefs of infantile orientations but refused, in a deep, socially symbolic act, to go further. As an artist, he is more penetrating than those like Joyce who "accept" the unconscious; more profound than those like Proust who take refuge in the beauties of art; purer in artistic fulfilment than those like Mann who are diffused in the more difficult perceptions of maturity. Among the portrayers of alienation, Kafka in his work realized most completely his society's unconscious goal: that of a conflicting stasis; not death, but rejection of maturity. I do not know of any critical work that presents that meaning more logically and sympathetically than Mr. Neider's book.

James Addenda

THE SCENIC ART. By Henry James. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Allan Wade. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 1948. 384 pp. $4.50.

PORTRAITS OF PLACES. By Henry James. With an essay on James as a Traveler by George Alvin Finch. New York: Lear Publishers. 1948. 350 pp. $3.50.

THE LEGEND OF THE MASTER: Henry James. Compiled by Simon Nowell-Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 176 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"THE SCENIC ART" is a collection of Henry James's reviews of plays, playwrights, and actors written for newspapers between 1872 and 1901. Only six have been previously reprinted. It is a very valuable book for those interested in James's critical opinions, especially since it covers the contemporary theatre, including the Scandinavian. Naturally there is the briefest reference to American drama, for there wasn't much to refer to in those decades. What becomes clear here any reader of James's letters knows. He was a close student of the technique of acting and of play construction. Why, then, did he fail so conspicuously as a playwright? The answer would seem to be that when he came to write himself he proved that he had no real sense of the theatre. This is a very different thing from a critic's understanding of the structure of a play. His dialogue is nearly always dramatic or can readily be made so, but it takes more than

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good structure and good dialogue to put over a play.

Another recently published collection of James would be of less value to the critic but of equal value to those interested in James's powers of observation. "Portraits of Places," collected from many magazines, represents the correspondence in the Seventies by which the young James in general earned his fare and board about Europe. These studies are the apprentice work in observation of a very able young man who wanted to write novels, and their background appears in many of his novels. One might say that his art as a describer of places goes through the crucible of fiction and comes out at the other end a very different type of observation, such as one sees in the American scene of 1907.

Mr. Nowell-Smith's "The Legend of the Master" has a curious rather than a scholarly interest. It is an assemblage of things said or written about Henry James by a wide circle of his friends and contemporaries. It might be called a supplement to biography, and for anyone who knows, to begin with, something about James it is an interesting book. This is a mild term. The collection of anecdotes, brief sketches, gossip, poignant sayings by James himself is fascinating reading. The period and the circle of friends comes to life. Incidentally, the section dealing with the production of James's plays is a most valuable commentary on Mr. Wade's collection. If the man H. J. himself does not come to life after one has read this compilation, the fault is the reader's. Many of the comments will be news even to the long-time student of James.

Spring Lethe

By Margaret Bartlett

IF I COULD feel
Even the sword
Of losing you again,
That would be brief.
And there would be
Dark hills again
And stars somewhere
To watch go down
And there would be
The trees again
And poplar leaves
Like promised steel
Between the earth
And sky. And I
Should be alive again
With nothing less
At least, than grief.
For loss as loss
Is death or flower,
Lethe or meaningful
And beautiful if brief.

Fiction.

Three of the seven novels reviewed this week are destined for popular success, though they are as diverse as the lands from which they are drawn. "The Outer Edges" is the third of Charles Jackson's fictional studies of psychopathic America—a logical progression from alcoholism and homosexuality to murder. Pearl Buck's "Peony" is the dramatic story of a closed Jewish community in China a century ago. In "The Foolish Gentlewoman," one of the wittiest of English novelists reveals that the fall from opulence to penury has not altered British character or lessened national self-respect. A novel by Herman Broch's titled "The Sleepwalkers" brings to a close the trilogy of a great German novelist, philosopher, and historian whose subject has been the fall of German and European ideals in the thirty years before World War I.

Emotional Turmoil

THE OUTER EDGES. By Charles Jackson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 240 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

HAVING investigated alcoholism and homosexuality, Charles Jackson now turns to murder as the next point of interest in his personally conducted travelogue through the realm of psychopathology. "The Outer Edges" is an account of the brutal rape and destruction of two little girls by a moronic adolescent. But where the author in "Lost Weekend" and "Fall of Valor" projected the agonies—and ecstasies — of a single self-smitten soul, in "The Outer Edges" he has pulled back the camera and given us a broader vista, a panorama of emotional turmoil.

The muddle-witted killer, though portrayed with acute realism and understanding, is dealt with only briefly. Jackson is more concerned with the people on the outer edges of the event, and with the reactions for which the murder serves as a sort of catalytic agent. In the sixty-six short sections which make up this book, Jackson focuses on a successful public relations man and his family, a bored, vapid Westchester wife, an avant-garde intellectual living in a basement near Columbia, a night nurse in a tuberculosis sanitarium, a neighbor of the victims' family. In a series of penetrating insights, Jackson reveals these beings as blood brothers to the murderer, ridden by the same guilt, racked by the same fears, driven by the same compulsions, lashed by the same instinctual forces. This volume marks a significant shift in Jackson's emphasis; from the overt sickness of self which destroys the individual, he turns in his new work to the hidden sickness which does not destroy, but which colors and twists the lives of supposedly normal people.

Jim Harron, the public relations man, dominates large sections of the book. Harron is a charming, outwardly assured chap who has remained a child in all his relationships. Enchanting to his wife when he wants something, he is sulky when he doesn't get his way. Despite his conviction that he loves his wife and child deeply, his need to reassure himself of his attractiveness has led him into a working bedtime arrangement with a casual gal-about-town. Harron's relationship with his five-year-old daughter is superbly understood and projected. At times Harron courts the child in a subtly incestuous manner, delighting her with his wit and attention. Yet when she imposes her demands as a child upon his existence, he becomes cranky and rude. His enormous sex drive toward his daughter—coupled with his competition with her for the position of child of the mother — produces in him fantasies about her death. As a result, the murder of the two children by the degenerate impinges upon Harron's consciousness with shattering force. In some strange way which he does not understand Jim Harron feels responsible for the death of the unknown girls, so much so that he is driven to go to their father and offer him money.

Fan French, the bored, rejected Westchester wife, briefly becomes a celebrity in her own circle because of a chance meeting with the murderer. Her momentary lustre gives her the opportunity of having an affair with a high-scoring lady-killer she has long desired. The fulfillment of this desire, however, finds her still clutching at the vacuum of her totally meaningless existence.

Bart Pendleton, struggling to free himself from the straitjacket of child-

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hood restrictions, sees the murder as a daring defiance of convention, and is inspired into an abortive duplication of the assault upon his landlady's daughter.

Thus, the murder enters into the life of everyone in the book, and each enters into the murder. Horrified, yet titillated, they devour the tabloid accounts of the crime, each sharing the blood lust, each partaking of the sin.

Charles Jackson's newest novel is craftsmanlike, tough, exciting. It represents a considerable growth in the author's interests, and in his talent. From the intense, detailed exploration of the single disturbed personality, he has directed his attention toward a much larger canvas, a canvas crowded with a whole string of fascinating characters, a canvas upon which the forces of the social milieu are brought into focus. This book is more diffuse than either "Lost Weekend" or "Fall of Valor." It does not mount relentlessly to the almost unbearable climaxes which were so effectively stated in those works. I do not think it will make the sensation they did.

But I found it tremendously absorbing — and disturbing. For "The Outer Edges" is not only a searching glimpse into the maelstrom of human personality, it is also an indictment of the mental health of a civilization which does not seem too utterly repelled by the imminent opportunity of destroying itself.

Symbolic Ship of Outcasts

THE SHIP AND THE FLAME. By Jerre Mangione. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1948. 311 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

THE S. S. *Setubal*, under Portuguese flag, is en route from Lisbon to Vera Cruz with five hundred refugees from various countries of Europe. A few of the passengers, known anti-Fascists, are wanted by the Nazis. The spreading rumors that the Captain is an enemy agent and that their Mexican visas will prove fraudulent are a life-and-death matter for many. Return to a European port may mean concentration camps or worse.

Josef Renner is an eminent politico-satirical novelist—"the Gadfly of Austria." His old friend, Stiano Argento, a Sicilian professor of Italian history, is also anti-Fascist, but more recently awakened to political action. With Renner is his current mistress, Tereza Lenska. With Argento are his daughter and his devoutly Catholic wife, Margarita, who as her more rationalistically religious husband feels, belongs to "the legion of men and women who can apply the principles of Christianity to individuals, but not to society as a whole."

At Vera Cruz begins the cynical tragedy of refusal. Visas repudiated, the whole human cargo is faced with shipment not back to Lisbon but to Casablanca where the Nazi power will envelop them. Only the providential effects of a storm bring them to an American port and to at least a temporary respite.

In the desperate struggle of these people to find haven on American soil Mr. Mangione examines an aspect of the terrible fear hamstringing a great nation; the same fear that has risen to near panic proportions in some quarters since we have acquired the invincible weapon. Immigration authorities dread the possibility of admitting dangerous radicals, barring from their only sanctuary, as Argento bitterly reflects, "men who had opposed the enemy single-handed long before others had recognized its true character." Such a one is Peter Sadona, sent back to certain death, who says quietly to the Sicilian: "I do not seem to fit anywhere in this modern world except in a concentration camp. There, I find that I am among people who understand me and I understand them. . . . But these other people — most of them are strangers who do not know what they want or where they are going."

As he watches the blind, animal optimism of some of his fellow passengers, as he sees the indifference of some of them to anything but their own survival, Argento concludes, "The world is probably in its present mess because there are too many of us who are addicted to the drug of hope." A partial diagnosis at best.

"Jerry Mangione examines an aspect of the terrible fear hamstringing a great nation."

An allusion suggests that Mr. Mangione has based his story partly on the widely publicized case of the *St. Louis*, whose passengers never found haven. Similar material was the subject of this season's experimental play "The Skipper Next to God." Indeed, this ship of outcasts makes an apt symbol for much of the present condition of man.

On the whole Mr. Mangione has used his materials well and honestly. A bit too much time is devoted to the somewhat messy relationship between young Paul Kalinka and the highly susceptible Simone Brasson. Still, the author has fashioned a number of absorbing characters and a human drama generally well integrated with the drama of ideas upon which I have dwelt. The dialogue is incisive and penetrating. It is a good work.

Queer Corner of Life

THE FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN. By Margery Sharp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 330 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD

WHETHER we are aware of it or not, we look, in every self-respecting work of fiction, for a "bulletin from the front," the front being human life. Other things being equal, the more truthful such a report on reality, the more valuable. But other things are never equal. And to make one's little narrative honestly a part of truth is a big undertaking, rather beyond the ability of many authors. Yet I maintain that the first thing to say about a novel is whether the writer has been able to do just this.

In the case of Margery Sharp's odd and delightful new novel, the answer is yes, she has. She shows us a queer corner of British life in our times with a queer collection of very British people, such as we Americans decidedly do not see around us. But we don't need to be acquainted with them to be sure they exist. You really can tell, you know, about the presence or absence of reality in a story as accurately and without any special gift for analysis, as you know from the sound, when somebody sets a dish down on the table, whether the dish is cracked or not. Margery Sharp's latest dish is of a shape unfamiliar to us. But we know there is no crack in it, the moment she sets

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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The SRL Anisfield-Wolf Awards

ONCE again the editors take pleasure in announcing the selection of two books for the Anisfield-Wolf Awards, given each year by *SRL* to the best works on race relations published during the preceding year. The books chosen for 1947 are:

"The Indians of the Americas" by John Collier (Norton)
"The Other Room" by Worth Tuttle Hedden (Crown)

Mr. Collier and Mrs. Hedden will each receive prizes of $1,000. As in the past, selections were made by a committee consisting of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman of the editorial board of the *SRL*, Henry P. Fairchild of New York University, and Ralph Linton of Yale University.

John Collier's "The Indians of the Americas" is the fruit of twenty-five years of work in behalf of the American Indian. Mr. Collier was executive secretary of the American Indian Defense Association from 1923 to 1933, and for the next dozen years served as United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs. At present he is president of the Institute of Ethnic Affairs in Washington. Besides his prize-winning book, he is the author of six volumes of verse.

In making the award to "The Indians of the Americas," the committee pointed out that it is "the first modern book to link together accounts of all the Indians from primitive Apaches to the extraordinary civilization of the Incas in Peru. It is not only an ethnological and cultural study, but a history of the dreadful series of injustices perpetrated by the whites against the Indians, and by no means ended today. It is a book which will inform, arouse the conscience, and stimulate the well-earned pride of the Indian people.

"In addition to the indispensable requisite of being an excellent book, well written and appealing, Mr. Collier's book has the especial merit, from the point of view of the Anisfield-Wolf Awards, of dealing with a minority which has received relatively little attention, and which needs consideration most seriously. Against a background of an historical review of the contacts between white intruders and the natives of the American continents, the author tells the story of the dealings of the United States Government with its Indian wards, and discusses sympathetically the contemporary problems of adjustment and the struggle for justice. As United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs Mr. Collier inaugurated a policy which, while regarded as controversial in some of its details by other specialists, was unquestionably humanitarian in its recognition of the Indians as human beings with cultures of their own, in which are to be found many admirable features. The reader of this book will discern many justifications for this policy."

Worth Tuttle Hedden's "The Other Room" is a first novel. In writing it, Mrs. Hedden drew upon her Southern heritage and experiences. Born in Raleigh, N. C., the daughter of a minister of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, she is an alumna of Trinity College, Duke University. After service with the American Red Cross, Mrs. Hedden taught at Straight College (which has since been absorbed by Dillard University), a Negro institution at New Orleans. She now lives with her husband and three children in Norwalk, Conn.

In her novel [the Anisfield-Wolf Awards Committee comments] Mrs. Hedden has made use of a novel situation to project a revealing picture of Negro-white relations in the Deep South. Nina Latham, daughter of one of the first families of Virginia, eager to escape from the stultifying atmosphere of her house, accepts a position which an agency secures for her to teach in a college in New Orleans. It is only after she has arrived there to begin her work that she discovers that it is a Negro college. At first her training and background are in horrified revolt against the situation. Only her pride and her sense of duty prevent her from fleeing for home. She does not dare to tell her family of her humiliation and her letters home are painful compositions in pure fiction.

Gradually, however, she comes to regard her students as individuals rather than occupants of that "other room" into which no Southern lady should set foot. She becomes interested in helping them with their problems, the ever-present problems of youth to which is added the extra burden of discrimination. She finds deep satisfaction in fostering the talents of the occasional gifted student. For her colleague, Professor Warwick, a true scholar and a gentleman who could pass for white in the North but not in New Orleans, she has an admiration which develops into a deep but tragic love, for they both know that there is no future for them in our society.

Through the story of one Southern girl coping with an unusual problem, Mrs. Hedden has thrown into high relief many of the difficulties of young people, both black and white, below the Mason-Dixon line.

"'The Other Room' will probably offend a great many people," Sara Henderson Hay wrote in reviewing it for *SRL*. "That they can be offended by the truth is to their discredit, not to that of Mrs. Hedden's honest and courageous book."

The Anisfield-Wolf Awards were established a dozen years ago by Edith Anisfield Wolf and her late husband, Eugene E. Wolf. They provide $1,000 for each of the two books adjudged to be the best in the field of race relations, either in creative literature or in the social sciences. To be considered for the award for 1948, three copies of a book in published form should be sent to Professor Henry P. Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.

Arrival of War Bride, Pier 97, Hudson River

By Howard Griffin

EACH taxi is a poem in her honor,
tied-up and neat, elegant as a bird;
the cheap store windows gleam like malachite
and through the causeway night falls with its glitter.

The fabled towers greet her and she tries
to cheer her prince recovered in this port,
clasps her child tighter, climbs the army van
and on the black street turns her golden eyes.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Unwholesome Plunder

SIR: Did two critics collaborate in the review of my Washington novel, "Plunder" [*SRL* May 8]? Or was it a case of a single reviewer who fell asleep halfway through (absit omen!) and awoke to the consideration of a couple of other books? The result is confusing. The reviewer, before his supposititious nap, allowed certain merits to the work, but found it "a sexy, noisy, ribbing comedy." Forty winks, and Presto! "I think there is a place" he writes, "in the national economy for novels of this sort. They are Wholesome. They show how valuable Patience and Kindness are. They put down all the expected words in the expected places on the page." Horrible examples of how not to write are then adduced, citing the words of characters named Fulmer, Parris, and Laurel. Nowhere in "Plunder" is there a Fulmer, a Parris, or a Laurel. Incidentally, there is, I fear, mighty little Patience or Kindness. "It is useless to protest," the critic continues, about the children to whom he objects. It is, so far as I am concerned. They are no children of mine. I am willing to undergo a literary blood-test in proof of my non-paternity. And, without wishing to claim for my novel any specially shining vices, I do resent Fulmer, Parris, Laurel, and the children being advanced as a reason for stigmatizing "Plunder" as Wholesome—with a capital W, at that.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

Auburn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Critic Jonathan Daniels was not asleep. We were. Fulmer, Parris, Laurel, and children are indeed no pen kin of Mr. Adams, but strays from a paragraph about "Parris Mitchell of King's Row" [SRL May 15] by Reviewer Howard Mumford Jones, who is probably surprised, too. To Mr. Adams, our apologies for the epithet Wholesome. We didn't mean it.*

Author: Folks

SIR: Howard Collins [*SRL* Apr. 17] says that "Snow White" is by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, and that "Cinderella" is by Charles Perrault. These stories are folk tales, of which there were versions in nearly every known language, and Perrault and the Grimm Brothers merely collected them and wrote them down. Their authorship could no more be established than Mother Goose.

M. P. KEELEY.

Columbia, Mo.

But, for Sure!

SIR: Is the phrase "for sure," meaning definitely or positively, condoned by grammatical authorities? It crops up repeatedly in recent reading and I've even found it among your august pages.

V. H. STUART.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Oxford Dictionary, quoting from Milton, Rosetti, and Stevenson, supports acceptance of the phrase as grade-A grammar until the end of the nineteenth century, when, capriciously, it became colloquial. It doesn't bother us—one way or the other.*

"Junior! Have you been playing with daddy's chart again?"

Modern Dr. Bell

SIR: "The Incredible Dr. Bell" [SRL May 1] is a nice piece of work. Give us more essays for readers by readers. Too often I feel we are given studies by scholars for other scholars.

There is a story around that a modern Dr. Bell was riding in a Pullman club car and, over a highball, was explaining his ability on short acquaintance to catalogue a man as to occupation. He had gone around the group with great success. A lawyer here, a salesman on the left, a banker in this corner, an editor by the window. Then his eyes fell on an interesting face, a little pale, slightly drawn, with a certain glassiness in the eyes. "Here," said the extrovert, "is a preacher—a Methodist preacher." A moment's hush, and then the answer—softly spoken. "You got me wrong, brother, I'm no preacher; I just have stomach ulcers."

W. OTIS FITCHETT.

Caldwell, N. J.

"The Shrouded Woman"

SIR: I wonder what led you to publish such a bull-in-the-shop diatribe as Miss Marjorie Brace's attack on Miss Bombal's exquisite little masterpiece "The Shrouded Woman" [*SRL* May 1]. The tone of the review was shockingly cheap, and there was no sign of a temperamental equipment to recognize the intention of the book.

For those who do not agree with Miss Brace that human emotions can be measured only against a background of Nash automobiles, bathing beauties whose "busts publicly measure thirty-six inches," and "the soothing hum of electric refrigerators," a reading of "The Shrouded Woman" will be sufficient evidence of its high merit.

ROBERT HILLYER.

Greenwich, Conn.

Cambo

SIR: For an answer to the question raised by John T. Winterich April 17 under "Bookmarks," I turned to my copy of Shipley's "Dictionary of Word Origins" and found that "akimbo" may stem from the old Celtic "cambo," bent back, crooked.

B. E. VON FRANKENBERG.

San Francisco, Calif.

Lost-week-ender's Mrs.

SIR: Has anyone ever told the story of the wife of a "lost-week-ender"? Especially a wife whose "week end" covers years—*and* years, a wife of average intelligence, a wife who could find no escape, and whose capacity to endure grew with the burden.

LORENA LINDEMAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Try "The Story of Mrs. Murphy" by Natalie Anderson Scott (Dutton).*

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Seeing Things

WHERE PLEASURE IS DUTY

ARE SYNCHRONIZED watches essential to military operations? Well, they also play their part in the success of a soufflé. Any cook, any hostess, any housebroken husband —indeed, any decent guest who has been decently forewarned — knows that, for a soufflé to be served in its full billowing state of ascension, timing is a desperate matter. Remove it from the oven and let five minutes pass, and what was ballooning skyward from a casserole can sink and sink until it subsides into a shell crater.

Time, as a rule, can do equal damage to most light comedies, especially, you might think, to so slight a one as "The Play's the Thing."* Yet, oddly enough, it has not done so. Ferenc Molnar's trifle—a soufflé in dramatic form if ever there was one—remains as unfallen today as it was twenty-two years ago, when Gilbert Miller first presented it on Broadway. This is more surprising than it may seem. Yesterday's jokes are not necessarily today's. What years ago made us laugh can, when encountered later, often make us yawn. Or, worse still, shake our heads not so much at what now fails to amuse us as at what we must have been like to have been amused by it at all.

As a case in point, take the first bill of Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30," which, a few months back, was revived here without Mr. Coward's imperative assistance but with Gertrude Lawrence playing, as brilliantly as only she can, the three parts she had created in "Ways and Means," "Family Album," and "Red Peppers." I say "the first bill" of Mr. Coward's one-acts because, in all honesty, having sat through it I was too discouraged to go to the second.

When originally produced here—only *twelve* years ago, mind you—these playlets had captivated most of us. They had been accepted as the ultimate in sophistication. We recognized their limitations. We knew how trivial they were. But we did not care. The point of toy balloons is their lightness. We were grateful to the smiling sketches for the laughs they gave us, even if we could not take the serious ones seriously. Above all, we rejoiced in the perfection of Miss Lawrence's and Mr. Coward's joint acting.

It would have been easy, and to a certain extent correct, to say that, all-conquering as Miss Lawrence was in the revival of "Tonight at 8:30," without Mr. Coward she was bound to be as handicapped as Paderewski would have been with one hand. Mr. Coward's sketches were written as duets. Without him they became solos, wonderfully performed by Miss Lawrence, but still solos.

In the revival Mr. Coward was missed, sorely missed. Yet more than Mr. Coward was lacking. The mood in which we had first seen his playlets was gone. So was the world which had made that mood possible. I must admit that, upon reseeing "Ways and Means" and "Family Album," the amusement had fled which once I had found in them. I don't shock easily, but I was slightly shocked by them. Not shocked by this line or that, but appalled by the ethics (more accurately, the lack of ethics) upon which their plots were based.

In "Family Album," for example, we were supposed to be delighted because the children of a disagreeable old man had been guaranteed prosperity, not by contesting their father's will, but by the simple process of having burned it seven and a half minutes after his death. In "Ways and Means" the moral ceiling was even lower. Here what was offered as the cream of the jest was to have a financially embarrassed British couple improve their fortunes, first by instructing their former chauffeur in how to steal the jewels and money of their fellow house-guest on the Riviera, then by pocketing, without any qualms, the wad of francs the chauffeur had filched, allowing him to keep the jewels with their blessing.

In 1936 I never stopped to consider what Mr. Coward was saying in these one-acts. I had concentrated on the manner of his saying it, or rather on the way in which he and Miss Lawrence had said it for him in their acting. In 1948, however, my reactions surprised me by their difference. With Mr. Coward out of the cast I now had more time to think about what he was up to. Without meaning or wanting to be, I discovered I was ridiculously in earnest about what was meant to be only ridiculous. In particular, I resented the silly, conscienceless, amoral people in "Ways and Means."

HAD Mr. Coward's lines been as witty as they seemed to be when he was among those who spoke them, I could still have forgiven him his ethics. But his dialogue had lost its sparkle. It seemed strained; above all, empty. The fact any of us had found such characters delightful began to explain to me much that has happened in the world since first we met them. The period of "Ways and Means" was too near to be comfortable, and too contributive to the world's subsequent tragedy to be excused. Moreover, the writing was not, as I say, bright enough to create a light of its own which would outshine moral considerations. Accordingly, I turned on what I had once enjoyed, deploring rather than relishing it, and disliking myself for ever having liked it.

I touch upon this dubious matter of morals and their relation to comedy unwillingly and without conviction. I touch upon it because one of the virtues of "The Play's the Thing" is that it permits us to check our morals with our hats. If it allowed us to be humorless in its presence, it might mobilize in us that Jeremy Collier puritanism which Mr. Coward's first bill of one-acts stirred in me.

No conscientious cleric would smile upon a parishioner guilty of the trick pulled by Molnar's hero-playwright. What does this dramatist do? For purely selfish and professional reasons he bamboozles his young friend, a musician, into believing his fiancée has been faithful to him when

—*Pix-George Karger.*

Louis Calhern's playing "is masterful in its complete command of the stage, in its deftness, its lightness, its sparkle."

**THE PLAY'S THE THING, by Ferenc Molnar. Adapted from the Hungarian by P. G. Wodehouse. Directed by Gilbert Miller. Lighting by Ralph Alswang. Gowns by Castillo. Costumes supervised by Kathryn B. Miller. Scenery by Oliver Messel. Presented by Mr. Miller in association with James Russo and Michael Ellis. With a cast including Louis Calhern, Faye Emerson, Arthur Margetson, Ernest Cossart, Claud Allister, Francis Compton, Richard Hylton, etc. At the Booth Theatre.*

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fiancée has been faithful to him when the playwright knows she has not been. Soberly considered, that is a dirty trick. But no one can possibly consider "The Play's the Thing" soberly. That is its point, the proof of Molnar's skill, and the abundant source of the comedy's fun.

"The Play's the Thing" neither invites nor tolerates serious judgments. It is pure make-believe for make-believe's sake. It belongs to the theatre rather than to reality. It enables us to make a complete escape from life. Instead of asking us "to live our toilsome lives twice over," it gets out of this world of Christendom into Elia's land of cuckoldry where pleasure is duty. After a start which nowadays seems leisurely, it becomes dateless in its fooling. The evening abounds in entertainment. Indeed, seldom has so much been made out of so little. Not many dramatists possess Molnar's invention and urbanity, and hence can turn a trifle into something so sustaining.

Poorly staged, "The Play's the Thing" would be no more than an overextended anecdote. It needs a production as shimmering and as gossamer as is its writing. This is precisely the kind of production Gilbert Miller has given it. His revival is as suavely staged as was the original. Louis Calhern is delectably poiseful in the Holbrook Blinn part. His comic playing is masterful in its complete command of the stage, in its deftness, its lightness, its sparkle. In maintaining the evening's mood Mr. Calhern is, moreover, expertly aided by Faye Emerson, Arthur Margetson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister.

If "The Play's the Thing" has survived these aging years unaged, one reason is that it manages to be self-contained. Since it operates on its own time, it is unaffected by the changed clocks of an altered universe.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

it down before us. It can and does hold a piece of the truth.

Not only—although this is a subject of the greatest interest now—the truth about how British people, formerly well-to-do, are affected by the extraordinary changes in their everyday life. We had little in common, most of us, with their pre-war life, with its (apparently) never failing supply of capped and aproned, well-trained housemaids, nurses, and cooks, its faithful, cap-tipping gardeners, its formally-served meals and elaborately-furnished houses, kept in clean orderliness as if by a troop of invisible genii. We never could see, most American readers, where the money came from to keep up this leisurely, seemly, pleasant life, with so little visible effort on anybody's part. Now that the springs of money and household help no longer well smoothly up in British households, we have the liveliest interest in learning how they manage. Margery Sharp tells us how, with a realism beyond praise. Destiny has given the kaleidoscope a shake, and she shows us, fascinated by the spectacle, exactly how the old pieces look in the absolutely new relation to each other.

They look, if you ask me, very well indeed, from the human point of view. British character, as reported on in this witty, highly entertaining, skilfully constructed novel, is weathering the storm with perfect self-respect. There is a savory new tang in this story about a warm-hearted, middle-aged, muddle-headed British, gentlewoman and her relation to another widow, poor and lower-class, but as fiercely independent as any member of the gentry. This is Mrs. Poole, who is caretaker (sort of caretaker) in a part of the house. Mrs. Brocken, the gentlewoman, can no longer give orders to a courtesying caretaker, to a competent cook in a well-run kitchen. I should say not. She takes what food is provided and cooked for her by a lively, extremely modern young woman, engaged as her companion. She is not embittered by this, she feels no declassé self-pity, no rancor. She continues to be what (we perceive) she has been all her life under those thick wrappings, an extremely lovable, honorable human being, whom you can't help liking and enjoying, even though you know that if she were a part of your own circle, she would drive you crazy with her impractical foolishness.

Her brother-in-law is another Britisher we have met often in novels by British authors, a well-to-do bachelor who, because of his income and his social position, has always been cushioned deep in the down of attentive service at home, in his club. He too, in a wry, arid kind of way, comes off very well in the head-on collision with chaos and disorganization. Not that one of the stiff harsh lines in his portrait is softened by the author. You do not love him any more than you ever loved one of these self-centered, cold, silent, exacting elderly Britishers. But you don't hate him, either, and you don't scorn him. Not that he would care if you did. Half-amused, half admiring, you watch him achieve one of the mightiest of human feats—he goes on being himself, exactly as he is, was, and always will be, in spite of the formidable buffetings-in-detail of British life of our times.

Out of these two, out of Mrs. Poole, the penniless, self-willed caretaker; out of her lovely little daughter, growing up like a stray daisy in the midst of bomb-rubble; out of the most disagreeable—and most recognizably real—poor relation you ever met anywhere; and out of an attractive couple of young people really in love with each other (at least I think they are in love with each other) Margery Sharp creates swiftly-moving narrative interest, drama, moral heroism—and one of her most readable novels.

In Praise of Earthworms

By A. M. Sullivan

EARTH breathes their glory through a myriad pores,
Chimneys for summer's smithy in the sod
Where forges flourish in warm corridors
And commerce thrives beneath the thunderous plod
Of horses kicking the wet loam in the dawn.
After the rain they etch on steaming flags
Their ancient symbols, and build upon the lawn
The yellow mounds from which the herald drags
His tardy inches, and whispers through the land
"Life is renewed," for this is Lesson Prime
In Genesis when the unpractised Hand
Stretched clay to life, and life as long as time.

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China: A Time and Place of Tolerance

PEONY. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 312 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MISS BUCK, always enviably at home in China, has made still further inroads into that vast civilization. In "Peony" she deals with the place of the Jews during the mid-nineteenth century, of their attempt to stand alone, and of their final benevolent Chinese amalgamation.

There are those who maintain the Jews resist absorption as nationals. Recent, forever unforgettable history diabolically upheld this doctrine. Sensitive writers have used it again and again as a theme of undeniable truth. The contribution of the Jew to his country, his love for it, his desire to serve it and to identify himself with it fully may be manifest but, in Europe at least, he remains orthodox and apart. The fact that this is so is part of our present-day shame.

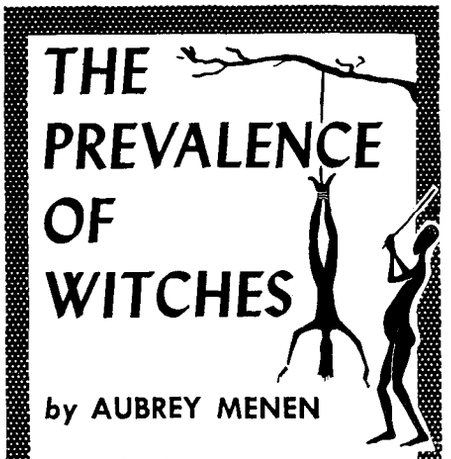
It is good to look back to a time and a place of tolerance, allowing for true freedom of choice. Miss Buck makes all desires plain. The fanatically determined Hebrew eternally sick for home; the expedient businessman ready to compromise; the confused and questioning youth of the land he calls his own—all are pictured with passionate precision. While there is neither persecution nor fear here, the plight of their tortured people across the mountains lies heavy and remembered. Even generations of intermarriage will not dispel this apprehension. The pure type, we are led to believe, will be born again.

"Peony" is placed in the city of K'aiefing in the Province of Honan. The great house of the rich merchant Ezra ben Israel thrives side by side with the prosperous Chinese. Ruled over by Madame Ezra, uncompromising Jewess, the ancient feasts and customs are religiously observed. To the neighbors these people and their rites are merely considered foreign. Staffed by native servants, attended by the exquisite young bondmaiden Peony, guided by the city's only Rabbi, the family's pattern seems set.

It is David, the only child and heir to the house, who finally denies the pattern. And, without even his knowledge, it is his adoring Peony who aids him by cunningly directing his attentions away from his sad temple. Not until he has caused the terrible suicide of Leah, the Rabbi's beautiful daughter, his mother's choice for him, and defiantly married the thoroughly Chinese Kueilan and sired several sons, does he realize he has always reciprocated his bondmaiden's love. But the denied faith persists; he cannot take a concubine. Peony, to escape this love as well as the evil desire of the court's chief steward, becomes a nun.

The actual romance matters little. It is the contrast between the Jew and the Chinamen that makes for distinction. The sorrow, the grieving, the obsession with death, and darkness of spirit mark the Jew. He is alien; he is enslaved; he is despised, resented as the chosen one; and the promised land is beyond his reach. The Chinamen represents life, light, happiness, zestful living and abundant beauty.

There is great simplicity in the telling of this tale. Perhaps it is expected, but it is nonetheless splendid. Miss Buck maintains her own high standard. She paints picture after indelible picture of Chinese rooms, courts, gardens, and clothes. One can feel the softness of the air, inhale the fragrance of the flowers, and know that this life is good. But, more than that, Leah's blood has stained these stones in tribal hopelessness, and there is a remote murmur of anguish that must be heard with increasing awareness.



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Disintegration of Western Culture

THE SLEEPWALKERS. By Hermann Broch. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: Pantheon Books. 1948. 648 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN THE novels which compose this trilogy, written from 1928 to 1931, the author has attempted to express in fictional terms the disintegration of German culture in particular, and of Western civilization in general, during the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth. The action of "The Romantic" takes place in 1888, that of "The Anarchist" in 1903, and that of "The Realist" in the fateful year of 1918. But, in his effort to explain the cultural transformation and collapse of these decades, Mr. Broch looks down the corridors of history as far as, and even farther than,

> That criminal and rebellious age known as the Renaissance, that age in which the Christian scheme of values was broken in two halves, one Catholic and the other Protestant, that age in which with the falling asunder of the medieval organon a process of dissolution destined to go on for five centuries was inaugurated and the seeds of the modern world planted. . . .

With the Renaissance, argues Mr. Broch, there began the destruction of that medieval system of values in which there was one supreme value to which all others were subordinate: "the belief in the Christian God." This total system was gradually replaced by partial, fractional systems that were independent one of another and even mutually exclusive: the fractional systems of the soldier, the businessman, the artist, the revolutionist, and so on. But each of these partial systems still claimed its whole man.

Logically, of course, and historically, this atomization of values ends with the indivisible unit of the isolated individual, who lives in a state of devotion to his "private theology," unable to comprehend values which do not immediately subserve his personal ends, and able to accept "only in a crude and undigested state"—that is to say, irrationally, as "dogma"—whatever comes from outside the narrow individual circle.

> The man who is thus outside the confines of every value-combination, and has become the exclusive representative of an individual value, is metaphysically an outcast, for his autonomy presupposes the resolution and disintegration of all system into its individual elements; such a man is liberated from values and from style, and can be influenced only by the irrational.

It is for the purpose of expressing this philosophy of history, inadequately sketched above, that "The Sleepwalkers" exists. Translating his phil-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE GREEKS HAD NAMES FOR THEM

And so did the Romans, as Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Ark., points out. For each of the Greek gods and heroes named and described below there is a Roman counterpart in the column on the right. Can you match them up? A score of sixteen is par, eighteen is very good, and twenty wins you a seat on Olympus, or Parnassus, if you prefer it. Answers on page 27.

1. Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty.	( ) Apollo
2. Ares, god of war.	( ) Aurora
3. Artemis, goddess of the moon.	( ) Bacchus
4. Athena, goddess of wisdom.	( ) Ceres
5. Charities, the graces.	( ) Cupid
6. Cronus, god of the harvests.	( ) Diana
7. Demeter, goddess of agriculture.	( ) Gratiae
8. Dionysus, god of wine.	( ) Hercules
9. Dis, god of the underworld.	( ) Juno
10. Eos, goddess of the dawn.	( ) Jupiter
11. Eros, god of love.	( ) Mars
12. Helios, the sun god.	( ) Mercury
13. Hephaestus, god of fire and master of the forge.	( ) Minerva
14. Hera, wife of Zeus.	( ) Neptune
15. Heracles, hero celebrated for his strength.	( ) Pluto
16. Hermes, messenger of the gods.	( ) Saturn
17. Hestia, goddess of the hearth.	( ) Ulysses
18. Odysseus, hero of the Odyssey.	( ) Venus
19. Poseidon, god of the sea.	( ) Vesta
20. Zeus, supreme ruler of the gods.	( ) Vulcan

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osophy into fiction, Mr. Broch has fastened upon three significant periods and three symbolical characters. Lieutenant Pasenow, in 1888, is a man sure of his value-system; but the stability of his Junker world is already threatened by the thrust of civilian forces which he wholly despises and vaguely fears. Herr Esch, in 1903, finds himself in an increasingly unstable society, which offers rewards for individual, anarchic effort; and he is eager to profit by the situation, but does not quite know how to manage his affairs. Huguenau, on the other hand, in 1918, knows exactly how to cut through the chaos of Germany's collapse, straight towards the goal of his own gain. He is "a man liberated from values," who is still able to pursue his value-free way within the limits of "the commercial system," and who reverts to that system in the end.

With Huguenau's reversion to "the bourgeois system of values" which "had been set up again in Alsace with the help of the victorious French bayonets," Mr. Broch comes to his final questions.

> It could be argued in any case that irrational forces once liberated are unwilling to submit themselves again to any old system of values, and that if they are compelled to submission they must necessarily diffuse a blight of deadness over the community and the individual alike. And out of that arises the problem of what happens to the irrational forces liberated by the disintegration of values: are they really nothing but fighting forces in the struggle between the several value-systems? are they really nothing but means for mutual destruction? are they really nothing but murder? and when the disintegration of values has gone as far as it can go in a reduction to the final indivisible units, to a struggle between one individual and another, must these guerilla forces inevitably provoke a general dissension, a struggle of all against all? Or, to confine the question to Huguenau's particular case: can a partial value-system, such as the commercial one to which Huguenau reverted, possess a sufficient power of cohesion without external help from bayonets or police truncheons to combine the dissociated irrational impulses into a new organon, and to provide a new focus for the equally dissociated will-to-value?

These are Mr. Broch's final questions, but for his final and closely reasoned answers you must turn to his own last fifteen pages. For us, here, there remains the task of attempting to evaluate "The Sleepwalkers" in the kind to which it purportedly belongs. This trilogy has been called great by critics who command respect, and I believe that it deserves the adjective, largely by virtue of its third part. But I do not believe that it is a great novel, or a great combination of novels, for the simple reason that Mr. Broch has not chosen, or has been unable, to go through with the operation of translating his vision of life into the elements of character and action which must largely compose a novel.

That great visions of life, backed by profound thinking, may be successfully expressed through fiction, has been proved by the novels of Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and Mann, to name no others. The novel may be made to carry the weightiest philosophical messages, without itself suffering artistically. But the best of "The Sleepwalkers" is not fiction at all. Consisting of ten interpolations, entitled "Disintegration of Values," the best of "The Sleepwalkers" is a series of discourses that might well be published in a self-sufficient volume. That Mr. Broch is possessed of a novelist's powers is plain at many points, but it is equally plain that his fundamental interests are not those of a novelist; for his characters, both in action and thought, along with all other elements in his massive work, are arbitrarily manipulated to serve the interests of a philosopher-historian who has been rigorously trained in the schools of logic and epistemology.

It may even be that this trilogy is something better, or more important, than fiction. But whatever its ultimate value, in whatever scale, there is no doubt that it is a remarkable contribution to one of the great cooperative efforts of our age: the attempt to explain ourselves to ourselves,—to make comprehensible the predicament in which we are. For this reason we should be grateful to Pantheon Books for reissuing it.

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FICTION

Black-Hearted Whites & Saintly Victim

SUMMER ON THE WATER. By David Westheimer. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 273 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by D. ANDERSON

MR. WESTHEIMER'S novel presents for inspection a loathsome group of incredibly crude and loutish individuals engaged for a summer season in foisting a series of gross impositions and animal indignities upon one individual, Mathilde, who is so entirely noble that she easily combines, at once, the very best qualities of the Virgin Mary, Joan of Arc, and Little Eva. Members of the former group are illiterate, spoiled, and physically quite unattractive; Mathilde is cultured, refined, beautiful, a reader of good books, and a lover of good music. Naturally, the unworthy group drive the saintly Mathilde to distraction and to a martyr's death. In the bad group we have an all-white cast operating in the Gulf Coast South. The martyr Mathilde is a Negress.

The character Talbot Carably stands out among the white group as perhaps the most revolting. He is rich, boisterous, illiterate, overbearing, vulgar, and lecherous. He is middle-aged, given to loud belching, swearing, and driving his blue Cadillac eighty miles an hour between Houston, Texas, and his summer home on Pine Creek, where the scene of the story is laid.

Carably's wife is a lazy, dull-witted, gossipy woman who spends her entire days drinking gin and reading movie magazines. In the evenings she and Carably play cards and drink with their excruciatingly dull neighbors, the Harvards. They all utter countless banalities which are set out in the story at considerable length. They also cheat in the card games.

The Carably nephew, Bobby Lee, is literate and tolerant to the extent that Mathilde has made him so. She has pulled him through college. But in the end, his bad blood gets the best of him and he assaults her. He is unsuccessful because he forgets to kiss her.

Assorted other whites presented include Max Winter, a Pine Creek resident whose life seems to revolve around a dog which dies; the Stapletons, a family of four, who are rich and without any redeeming qualities. Mother Stapleton is not clearly disclosed except in one characteristic, her unpunctuated garrulity. Father Stapleton seems thrown in to explain the money and the children. Daughter Liz Stapleton is sometimes described as "bovine"; at other times she is called "cow-like." The son, Sam, is an unbridled libertine. The other whites are women with whom Sam Stapleton lives in a somewhat guinea-pig fashion.

Mathilde, the beautiful Negress, is a servant in the Carably home. She mixes drinks and cooks and cleans the house and spends her spare time reading books and listening to recorded classical music. Her one frailty is the libido which an unyielding providence has planted in her. The white men who see Mathilde either try to sleep with her or discuss the matter among themselves in her presence. Carably has, and, as the action occurs, he is training the offspring to be his butler.

Mr. Westheimer's Pine Creek is Clear Creek, which empties into Galveston Bay near Houston. The weather, the colors, the foliage and nature's sultry summer moods in the Galveston Bay area, through which Clear Creek flows, are described with undeniable talent. The modulations and variations in these subjects seem to have been discerned. But when the inhabitants are examined, no grays are found in Mr. Westheimer's lexicon. This fact tends to make his entire story somewhat unconvincing.

Murder Without Conscience

KISS TOMORROW GOOD-BYE. By Horace McCoy. New York: Random House. 1948. 372 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IN 1934, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice" swept the country and established the vogue for coldly brutal murder fiction outside of the realm of conventional detective stories. Two years later another shocking novel of the same school appeared, Horace McCoy's "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" It equalled Mr. Cain's ferocious mixture of unrestrained sex and cruelty, but it lacked his single-minded devotion to his theme, combining pity for the murderer as a victim of society with a trace of what was then called social consciousness. Perhaps for this reason Mr. McCoy's first novel, after creating a brief critical storm, failed to catch the public that was eagerly following the bloody exploits of prohibition gangsters. Last year a delayed translation of this twenty-year-old novel made a sensation in France, where the critics crowned the author as the equal of Hemingway and Steinbeck.

"Kiss Tomorrow Good-bye," Mr. McCoy's latest novel, reveals a certain mastery in the art of emotionless killing, for his sex-starved criminal, who breaks out of prison and sets up a murder syndicate in a nearby city, slays and makes love as ruthlessly as any wild animal. The elements out of which the author has created this man are so strange that he does not seem to be a human being at all. He is an egomaniac of good family who has emerged from an Eastern university with a Phi Beta Kappa key and elaborately expensive tastes in clothes, food, and liquor. That is all the reader is allowed to know of his past, and since no hint is given of the crime that had first sent him to jail, or what had changed him into the dangerous and remorseless creature he had become, the novel fails to give the least sense of its reality.

Part of the story itself is sheer fantasy. While the murderer is hiding out, he lives with another criminal and the woman who has brought about his escape. Suddenly, he meets the daughter of a millionaire, makes love to her, and in a short time marries her, then refuses $35,000 he is given for an annulment of the marriage. The girl reminds him, it appears, of his grandmother whom he had stoned to death when he was a boy. At the end, her family offers him a million to marry her again, but this opulent dream is ended when the woman he has been living with shoots him in the stomach, Mr. McCoy's favorite method of slaughter. He had killed her brother during the jail-break, and she had found him out by experimenting with the art of ballistics. Obviously, the novel was concocted to give the reader a succession of gruesome shocks, and to that extent it succeeds. As the story of a man of sensibility, refinement, and education who can kill without heart, conscience, or gratification, it fails to carry any conviction of artistic integrity or value as a work of literature.

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THE COMICS...VERY FUNNY!

(*Continued from page 7*)

old participant in a holdup with a fatal shooting. There are recent cases where young men branded girls' breasts with burning cigarettes and carved initials into their flesh with a knife. A thirteen-year-old boy in Chicago has just murdered a young playmate. He told his lawyer, Samuel J. Andalman, that he reads all the crime comic books he can get hold of. He has evidently not kept up with the theories that comic-book readers never imitate what they read. He has just been sentenced to twenty-two years in jail; while the comic-book publishers who killed his mind with thoughts and methods of murder, and their experts who say his reading was good for him, continue as before.

All these manifestations of brutality, cruelty, and violence and the manner in which they are committed—that is the folklore of the comic books.

Comic books are the greatest book publishing success in history and the greatest mass influence on children. If I make the most conservative estimate from my own researches, one billion times a year a child sits down and reads a comic book. Crime does not pay, but crime comics do.

Recently I walked in one of the crowded sections of New York City and saw a sign: "Saturday Morning [which is the Saturday matinee for children] Comic Books Will Be Given Out Free to the First 500 Attending." I looked to see what was playing in that movie that morning. There were two horror films: "The Son of Frankenstein" and "The Bride of Frankenstein." The posters calling attention to the movies showed girls in various stages of being overpowered. The movie was called the Ritz. As I stood there I was reminded of the story of the little boy who was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up and replied enthusiastically: "I want to be a sex maniac!"

There are two opinions about comic books. The one says they are very harmful to children; the other says they are good for the little kiddies. John Mason Brown has called comic books the "marijuana of the nursery." The question can be put this way: Are comic books the marijuana of the nursery or the penicillin of a happy childhood? This difference of opinion is reflected also in the conflict in the child's mind. Briefly summarized, it is a conflict between super-ego and submachine gun.

What is the case *for* the comic books? Seventeen points are adduced in favor of them. It is said:

1) That the children have their "own choice" in selecting this literature. (Go to any candystore or newsstand, and see what other books you can get for ten cents. The children are bombarded with at least sixty million comic books a month. That is seven hundred and twenty million of them a year. As far as their free choice is concerned, in a Chicago school recently the pupils collected and burned all the comic books and then went around in groups and persuaded the dealers in that neighborhood not to handle them any more. Other schools in Chicago followed their example.)

2) That they reflect the children's minds and if there is something wrong with them it must be the child's fault and the child must have been neurotic or disturbed or unstable in the first place. (That reminds me of the owner of the dog that had killed a rabbit, who claimed in court that the rabbit had started the fight.)

3) That it is good for children to find release for their aggressive desires. (Is there one sentence in Freud to indicate that it is advisable for children to see over and over again pictures of violence and torture?)

4) That they are educational. (Let's look at one of the much-vaunted "good" comic books again, for an example, those "good" comic books used as window-dressing for the whole industry. It would seem that no better choice could be made than the comic-book version of the novel by Charles Dickens: "Great Expectations." The first nine pictures of this "educational" book show a gruesome, evil-looking man threatening a little boy with a big knife, and in one picture the little boy is crying out: "Oh, don't cut my throat, sir!" Is this Charles Dickens speaking, or is it the circulation manager of a comic-book publishing firm?

(As for the claim that comic books lead children to read the classics, many children whose confidence I have gained have told me that when they have to make a book report in school they use the comic-book version for their report so that they *won't* have to read the book.)

5) That there are good comic books. (That reminds me of the story of the polite clergyman who was asked about a bad egg which he had just started

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to eat: "Isn't it good?" "Madam," he answered, "parts of it are excellent.")

6) That the children identify themselves with the good figures in the comic books. (That is like saying that the spectators in the Grand Guignol who watch the rape, murder, and violence identify themselves with the gendarme who breaks into the room a few seconds before the curtain falls. There are comic books where girls are bound and burned, sold as slaves, thrown to the animals, and rescued only at the last moment by a good and faithful elephant. Do the experts of the comic-book industry claim that the children identify themselves with the elephant?)

7) That the children don't imitate these stories. (But the increase of violence in juvenile delinquency has gone hand in hand with the increase in the distribution of comic books.)

8) That comic books prevent crime and delinquency. (As a matter of fact, we are getting to the roots of one of the contributing causes of juvenile delinquency when we study the influence of comic books. You cannot understand present-day juvenile delinquency if you do not take into account the pathogenic and pathoplastic influence of the comic books, that is, the way in which they cause trouble or determine the form that trouble takes.)

9) That in comic books children are never threatened, killed, or tortured. (But that happens in even "good" comic books. In one comic book a little boy is stuffed into a sack with the following dialogue: "Stop struggling, in you go." And the little boy: "No . . . No . . . I want my mother!")

10) That they are good for reading. (But all the emphasis is on pictures and not on printed matter, and good teachers know that they have to get rid of comic books to make their children read real books.)

11) That comic books make a lot of money. (They do!)

12) That when dealing with crime the comic books show the victory of law and order. (But what they really show is what Margaret Osborn in her novel "The Ring and the Dream" called "the trapped destruction of some human prey.")

13) That comic books must be all right because they are so widespread. (That is like saying that infantile paralysis is all right because so many children have it.)

14) That comic books should be left as they are because curbing them would mean interference with free

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER ONE *Eleazar Lopsky* (Crime Club: $2)	Death of anomalous gent in N. Y. "entertainer's" apt. handled by Asst. D. A. who serves both People and defendant well.	Accuracy of tale makes it valuable handbook on homicide-case procedure. Characters adequate, action sufficient, and "solution" neat reverse-English twist.	Rewarding
THE STARTING GUN *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2)	"Quick, clean, murder" of domineering Athletic Club official at Madison Sq. Garden trackmeet seen and solved by resourceful Insp. Schmidt.	Background will interest sports-fans; plot capably constructed and harassed double-killer's doom satisfactorily encompassed — but pace breaks no records.	Readable
THE BOOK OF THE LION *Elizabeth Daly* (Rinehart: $2)	Dead poet's letters and lost Chaucerian opus match Henry Gamadge's wits against two corpses and batch of clever and persistent killers.	Deft understatement of immaculately tailored yarn makes it doubly effective. Some may find it rather precious, but it packs undubitable wallop.	Very good

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speech (as if censoring what adults read has anything to do with planning for children the kind of reading matter that will not harm them.)

15) That the "experts" have approved of comic books so they must be all right. (But experts are not needed, only common sense.)

16) That comic books are socially harmless. (On the contrary, they immunize a whole generation against pity and against recognition of cruelty and violence.)

17) That comic books are a healthy outlet. (On the contrary, they stimulate unhealthy sexual attitudes: sadism, masochism, frigidity.)

IT IS pretty well established that seventy-five per cent of parents are against comic books. (The other twenty-five per cent are either indifferent or misled by propaganda and "research.") Since the comic-book industry enjoys second-class mailing privileges, the parents, as taxpayers, are paying for what they do not want. The apologists of comic books, who function under the auspices of the comic-book business (although the public is not let in on that secret), are sociologists, educators, psychiatrists, lawyers, and psychologists. They all agree that this enormous over-stimulation of fantasy with scenes of sex and violence is completely harmless. They all rely on arguments derived from misunderstood Freud and bandy around such words as "aggression," "release," "vicarious," "fantasy world." They use free associations to bolster up free enterprise.

My own clinical studies and those of my associates of the Lafargue Clinic, the first carried out independently from the comic-book industry, and the first leading to their condemnation, have convinced me that comic books represent systematic poisoning of the well of childhood spontaneity. Many children themselves feel guilty about reading them.

The worst sector of comic books is increasing and the best, if there is a best, is getting smaller. The comic-book publishers seduce the children and mislead the parents. Their mass production is a serious danger to the production of good inexpensive children's books. The publishers of these good children's books, instead of fighting the experts of the comic-book industry and decoding their "codes," lie on psychoanalytic couches themselves, and delve into their own dreams instead of providing decent fare for the dreams of childhood.

When I recently conducted a symposium on the psychopathology of comic books I was blamed for not allotting more time to a representative of the comic-book business who was there. I am even more guilty than that: I once conducted a symposium on alcoholism and didn't invite a single distiller.

Fredric Wertham is senior psychiatrist, New York City's Department of Hospitals, director of both Bellevue and Queens General mental hygiene clinics (NYC), and the author of "Dark Legend: A Study in Murder."

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By Richard Gillman

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Your helplessness.

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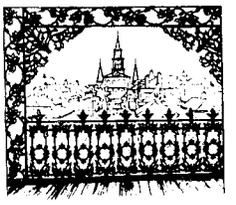

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ART

GOLDLEAFING: Gild frames, artwork, glassware, sculpture, etc. Fascinating, profitable craft. Kit complete included gold-colored leaves, instructions. $5.98 postpaid. PRODEX, 509 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 16.

ART SALE—Signed works of Art up to $25. Sponsored by Art Division, Arts Sciences, Professions. Photo League Gallery, Hotel Albert, 10th St.-University Pl. June 1st, 8 to 11 P.M. June 2nd—2 to 11 P.M. ADMISSION FREE.

PERSONALS

COLLEGE ATHLETE AND HONOR GRAD of high-ranking University, now up to ears in discharge of executive responsibilities in retail establishment, wishes to correspond with "all-round gal." Box 370-A.

OPPORTUNITY for family with small child to buy 4-room frame house, masonry foundation, garage, screened porch, electricity, gas; stream, waterfalls, natural swimming pool, unusual setting. 52 miles from N.Y.C. $2000 cash, $3750 mortgage. PLaza 7-5980.

IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THE OLYMPICS (or if you are) 1948 Olympic Games Official Souvenir & Programme is authentic collector's item to secure now. First complete collection of Olympic data and history, handsomely printed in England. 176 pages include history of Olympics, records of events, rules, ceremonies, full-color maps, flags, photographs; 1948 program, score sheets, plus unusual photographs and articles on English sports, history and countryside. "Must" for collectors of fine publishings, indispensable for reference. Send for it today! Only $1.15 postpaid. Ramp, Inc., 277 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

DUTCH 17 year prep school student wants any summer job Cape Cod. Box 371-A.

TEACHER share farm—creative, rustic atmosphere—Children-adults, recuperate, relax. Box 302-A.

FOR RENT: secluded farmhouses, furniture optioned. 100 miles Manhattan, 50 miles Philadelphia. Auto necessary. $325 to $575 summer. Can rent yearly. Paddock, Oley, Pa.

INTRODUCING: INTERNATIONAL VALLEY WRITERS' CENTER, in secluded section of large Catskill estate, equipped for writing, recreation, or just rusticating; individual coaching and directional work if desired; research library; round-table talks; international cultural activities; saddle horses, tennis, fishing; comfortable quarters; reasonable rates. Write Director, I V W C, South Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y.

HELP! There must be someone who could use an educated, single, 26 year old male who desires creative work. Experience in radio and electronics. Musical talent. Have been stuck at an office desk long enough. Any proposition considered. Box 303-A.

TOURING CAPE COD THIS SUMMER? We'll share expense, help drive, and make good company, first half of August. Young N. Y. huckster and wife. Box 304-A.

HISTORIC 1711 HOUSE WITH 20 ACRES: field, woodlands, brook. 25 miles south of Boston: Kings Highway to Plymouth. Original paneling: five fireplaces: listening post added during Revolution. Electricity: town water: two baths. Six miles from ocean. Nearby lakes. Commodious year round residence, or antique business, $23,000. Box 305-A.

EUROPEAN LADY, educated, speaks perfect Russian, wants to spend summer in English-speaking environment far from N.Y.C. Housework, sewing, children. Box 306-A.

INVALID, elderly, incapacitated,—medical care in Physician's suburban home. Mutual references imperative. Box 307-A.

FRENCH WOMAN will arrange hotel accommodations, guide you around Paris, etc. For details write Mme Delacour, 33 Blvd. Exelmans, Paris.

MALE, College student wants summer position, tutor, companion, etc. Lover travel. Knowledge Spanish, German, Portuguese. Box 309-A.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE—College graduates (She: M.A., Psychology; He: B.A., Anthropology) seeks unusual situation involving travel, intellectual stimulation, vicissitudes. Available indefinite period beginning September. Box 310-A.

MATURE COLLEGE SENIOR major in business and secretarial science desires position as secretary or companion, will travel. Box 311-A.

FOR RENT: Hundred year farm, Sebago Region, Maine. Just refinished, 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, 6 fireplaces. Completely equipped. Swimming nearby. June to September. $900. Box 312-A.

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN. Whether you climb Mt. Chocorua or just look at it from our lodge on the hill or our farm in the valley you will fall under its spell of peace and stability. World Fellowship, Conway, New Hampshire.

NOTICE IMPORTANT. RATES FOR LILLIPUT, Britain's brilliant monthly, pocket magazine in British Publications advertisement in Personals Column of May 15 was given in error as only $2 per year. It is $3.50 per year.

HARD-OF-HEARING? Relish this tragi-comic true story. How good-humored, sensitive girl found new confidence and success despite deafness. Heartwarming, funny, encouraging. "Cotton in My Ears" by Frances Warfield. At your bookstore or Viking, 18 East 48 St., N.Y.C. Dept. S.

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PERSONALS

TWO YOUNG N.Y.C. newspapermen seek summer sub-let, Manhattan, easily accessible to Times Square, N.Y.C. Box 320-A.

COLLEGE STUDENT VETERAN seeks interesting and profitable work during summer vacation. Box 321-A.

TWO CHARMING CATS NEED NEW HOME. Owner unable to provide further. Will deliver within 100 miles Manhattan. Box 322-A.

RESPONSIBLE COLLEGE COUPLE wish to combine summer vacation with work outside N.Y.C. Amicable to various suggestions. PLaza 9-5886—Gordon or write Box 323-A.

MID-MANHATTAN FIVE ROOMS; phone, elevator, July-August. $150 month; ultra-responsible only. TR. 4-4071. Box 313-A.

THE BEST ENGLISH COMES FROM IRISH PENS. Join the Irish Book Club and get the best of current Irish writing at a saving. Free dividends of Irish classics long out of print will start you on the way to acquiring an Irish library. For details write The Devin-Adair Company, 23 East 26 St., N.Y.C. 10.

CAPE COD "personalized" vacation, professional woman's home, superb food. Transportation if desired. Box 144, Dennisport, Mass.

YOUNG WOMAN, recent univ. graduate, European background, art student, presently teaching art in high school looking for creative, challenging work, willing to travel. Box 324-A.

EDUCATED LADY (45) requests offers from solitary, kind, cultured ladies desiring housekeeper—companion—secretary—chauffeur. Available September 1st. Good references. Box 317-A.

AUTHOR OF SUCCESSFUL TEXT AND REFERENCE BOOKS has a ady novel treatment of words including Antonymy, synonymy, Thesaurus. A large and comprehensive work that will sell steadily over the years. Is any publisher interested? Reply Box 318-A.

TWO GENTLEMEN AT VALENCIA HOTEL in St. Augustine, Fla. should now know how to play bridge. Please return the book. Thomas Burnett, Sparks, Maryland. Thanks.

BOOK PUBLISHER, West Coast, national distribution, retiring. Selling business cheap. Box 367-A.

FURNISHED FOUR-ROOM ABARTMENT for summer months. Dartmouth library handy. Write Box 372-A.

HARVARD SENIOR, 20, coming Los Angeles June. Will drive your car, do personal services. Responsible, conservative, adaptable, economic. Six-footer, 175 lbs., healthy. Will send photo, details. Alan Balsam, Lowell House, Cambridge, Mass.

ATTRACTIVE, cultured, capable young woman, 25-40, wanted to help owner build vacation business on lovely old New England farm. Unlimited possibilities! Cosmopolitan interests and some capital desirable but not essential. Send all details, with photo, in first letter. Box 368-A.

ADVENTURE? Buy librarian-mother's 30 acres. Excellent soil, creek, modern house, fireplace; all kinds fruit, nuts. Must educate children, appreciate occasional invitation for rendezvous where family roots grown deep. Terms, convenient. Box 394-A.

DELIGHTFUL APARTMENT AVAILABLE; summer rental. 464 Riverside Drive, N.Y.C. MOnument 2-6786.

VERMONT RETREAT on 31-acre hillside 4 miles from Brattleboro, Maine House, 4 bedroom cottages, 2 baths. Furnished. Modern conveniences. July-August $500. Mrs. R. L. Cary, Haverford, Pa.

WANTED: man or couple handy with tools, livestock, cooking, and housework. Own apt. congenial group of architects. Beidler & Colleagues, R.D. 4, Easton, Pa.

MAINE SUMMER RENTAL. Year around house on beautiful harbor, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Private wharf. $1200. Studio with bedroom $200 extra. Margaret Lewis, Box 106, Port Clyde, Maine.

TYPING, receptionist, general relief duty. Any offers for part-time services in exchange for board, room and seclusion, for mature teacher working on Ms.? Box 327-A.

SOUTHWESTERN PUBLIC-PRIVATE SCHOOLMAN would correspond with several parents interested in unusual healthful, educational situation for boys. Box 328-A.

PRINCETON SENIOR seeks summer position. Companion-Secretary or what-have-you. Object: travel, preferably to Europe. Box 329-A.

PHOTOGRAPHER—national magazine background—looking for summer opportunity combining travel and photography. Box 325-A.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN, college graduates, experienced sales, teaching, clerical, and hostessing, seek summer employment. Free to travel. Box 335-A.

NEW ADVERTISING RATES EFFECTIVE ON JUNE 1st

Effective June 1st, a new schedule of rates for Personals and Classified advertising will go into effect for The Saturday Review as follows:

25¢ per word, 12-word minimum. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 17¢; 26 times, 19¢; 13 times, 22¢; 6 times 24¢.

All *orders received prior to this date* will be honored at the old rate.

COLLEGE SENIOR, girl, seeks month's employment from August 23. Will do outdoor or indoor work, knowledge of typing, shorthand. Western states preferred but not essential. Box 336-A.

TRISTANOPHILES — A KNIGHT IN THE ROUGH, 12590 feet of variant verse anent the philtered champion. Author's Booknook, Box 92, Becket, Mass. $1.75, check or money order.

FASCINATING FEMALE encourages correspondence from a malleable male. Box 338-A.

OFFER to girl about 18. Three months. June-August holiday, pleasant home, Old Greenwich, swim, canoe, return teach daughter, 18 French. References. Box 339-A.

REHABILITATED FLORIDA PRISONER, well educated, must have employment for release. Box 340-A.

MANANAESQUE VERDE VALLEY, Arizona's geographical heart, combines picturesque West, glorious mountain-desert scenery, cultural companionship, atomic age retreat. Ranches, farms, homes, business properties available. Fox & Hemler, low-pressure realtors, Cottonwood, Arizona.

WILL SELL brand-new copy of latest Burke's Landed Gentry. For information write Box 315-A.

HARVARD JUNIOR, age 25, majoring in English desires summer position. Any suggestions? Box 365-A.

MODERN SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN spending summer at her mountain country home wishes refresher through personable correspondence with man with good sense of humor. Interests: people, conversation, music, golf. Box 319-A.

EXCHANGE JULY-AUGUST, use cool large N.Y.C. apartment, suitable 3, for Cape Ann, Cod, Mass. accom. for woman. TR 4-4071. Box 314-A.

SUMMER WRITING VACATION in beautiful Carolina mountains. Coaching by internationally published novelist. Novels, play, shorts, articles. Reasonable. Box 332-A.

HUNGRY PORTRAITIST will devotedly color your photographs between commissions. Box 333-A.

LOOKING FOR A HOME? Better see this Westchester Colonial, authentically remodeled, but with year-round commutability in mind. High points; five acres, including flower and vegetable gardens, fruit trees, pine grove, a screened summer house with barbecue fireplace; all appropriately landscaped. House has unique 2 fireplace living room; five bedrooms, two baths. Convenience assured with two-car attached garage; oil furnace and electric water heater. For appointment, call South Salem, N. Y. 825.

COLLEGE WOMAN interested in select book shop. College town preferred. Box 334-A.

FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE at Sedgefield Inn, Greensboro, N. C., where lucky mortals find tranquility, miraculous food and other distinguished guests. Golf, tennis, riding. Ideal spot for creative work. Four college libraries nearby. Come for a short or long visit. If you'd like to make an extended stay and really get that book started this summer we can offer you up to 40% reduction in rates. Write for descriptive folder S.

WILL SHARE SUMMER HOME on beautiful Maine island. Not modern, informal, cooperative living; quiet; comfortable. Room, board, $30 week per person. Detailed information. Box 720-Y.

COLUMBIA GRADUATE STUDENT (male), wants summer employment as driver, tutor, companion or what-have-you? Box 390-A.

WANTED—ONE APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN or Brooklyn; furnished or unfurnished for young couple. No children, no pets. Box 391-A.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, graduate student desires summer position: companion-governess. Likes children. Will travel. Box 392-A.

LADY driving to Denver last week in June wishes companion or couple share driving and expenses. 1947 Chevrolet. Telephone Norwalk 6-0425 or write Box 393-A.

PERSONALS

HOTLE ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, $.83; Fancy Flowery Ceylon; $1.03; Assam, $1.00; English Breakfast, $65; Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $.95; Formosa Oolong, $.88; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan, $.70; Uncolored B. B. Japan, $.70; Pinhead Gunpowder, $.78; Young Maiden Lane, Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands, minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful, homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

LONDON OPINION. Britain's best value in humor. Twelve monthly issues at $2. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

YOUNG DOCTOR wants personable, reliable, athletic, summer, driving-companion, Western trips. Box 344-A.

YOUNG AGREEABLE VETERAN, College sophomore, literary, musical tastes, desires summer position, private capacity, travel preferred but anything goes. Box 345-A.

SUMMER RENTAL, $600 for season. Cornish, N. H. Attractive remodelled farmhouse; 5 master bedrooms, 2 baths, electric range, refrigerator, beautiful view. Near Windsor, Vt. Phone Robert Littell, BUtterfield 8-2135, New York; or Mrs. Hilda Russell, Windsor, Vermont, 554B.

TWO FURNISHED SUMMER COTTAGES FOR RENT, June-September $500 each. Near Chatham, N. Y. All improvements. Views. Francis Chilson, Harwood Building, Scarsdale, N. Y. Scarsdale 3-7230.

COLLEGE MAN, 21, wishes lucrative city job. Companion, chauffeur, tutor, or what have you? Box 350-A.

SLOPE OF MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT. 2 adjacent cottages, electricity, modern plumbing, swimming facilities. Five room house with central heating. Studio barn, huge stone fireplace, outdoor grill. $150 month each. Box 351-A.

WIDOW, son six needs complete upheaval. Experienced in bookkeeping, clerical, research, good detailist, excellent housekeeper. Box 342-A.

GENTLEMAN, thirtyish, leisurely driving June to California wishes congenial companion references exchanged. Box 354-A.

FOR RENT beautifully furnished 4-room wing with kitchen June and July on hilltop estate $100 a month. Juniper Hill, Windsor, Vt.

COMPLETE RESEARCH SERVICES in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches. 25 years experience. E. P. Hilfpern, 14 East 80 St., N.Y.C. 21.

ARE YOU WEARY? Come and rest or write in the garden of The Bee and Thistle Inn, Old Lyme, Conn. Folder. Tel. Lyme 388.

FOR SALE: Famous Culinary Library. Modern, regional, foreign cookery, household arts. 650 volumes. Classified and Catalogued. $100. Box 348-A.

"THE DOWN EASTER INN." Offers you a restful sojourn in a charming old house where modern necessities have not interfered with traditional old Maine atmosphere. Board and room, $45 and $40. Mrs. Vera Trifry Johnson, Vinalhaven, Maine.

TWO YOUNG ARTISTS offer part-time services near art colony, experienced counselor, model, waitress. Remuneration just room and board. References. Box 358-A.

YOUNG COUPLE, college graduates, will exchange their outdoor services this summer for good food, pleasant environment. Box 359-A.

WRITER, June Columbia M.A., male, 21, needs summer employment; companion, tutor, whatever you suggest, object unfortunately financial. Box 360-A.

WHAT SERVICE could widely competent research-economist render you? Budget reinforcement essential while studying, writing. Leeds University, England this summer. Box 361-A.

POET, taught four years in progressive and retrogressive colleges, desires position in college, university interested in contemporary writing. Married to artist. Best references. Box 362-A.

ATTRACTIVE FURNISHED ROOM in private East side apartment for rent to young business or professional person. Semi-private bath. No cooking. Tennis courts on premises. $55 monthly. Phone 9-5, BUtterfield 8-1050 after 7, SAcramento 2-5391.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 740

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

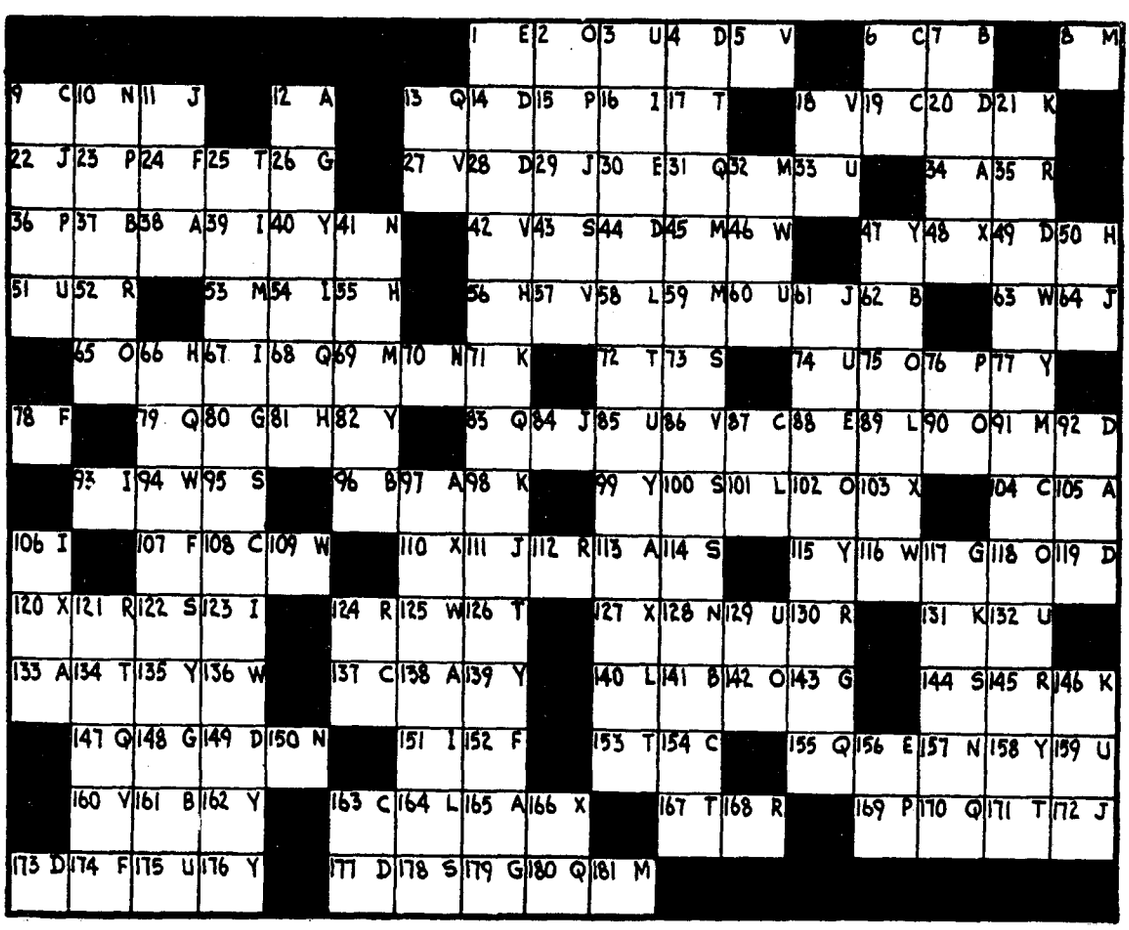
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to a linguistic family of American Indians of coast of northern Calif., now almost extinct.	38 34 113 97 138 133 165 12 105
B. A victim killed by his sisters and served up to his father (Gr. Myth.).	141 96 62 37 161 7
C. Inhabitants of a former Baltic province of Russia — capital, Riga.	163 6 19 108 154 9 104 137 87
D. Scottish missionary and explorer in Africa, buried in Westminster Abbey (1813-73).	14 119 177 44 92 149 49 4 28 173 20
E. Large monitor (lizard) of the Philippines highly esteemed, with its eggs, as food.	30 156 88 1
F. A pygmy people of equatorial Africa.	78 152 24 107 174
G. Entangled; reticulated.	117 80 179 26 143 148
H. American woman fiction writer (1889-).	50 66 81 56 55
I. Lacking in vigilance against danger (2 wds.).	151 16 93 123 54 39 67 106
J. Enchantment.	22 172 61 29 111 11 84 64
K. Mountain in Bernese Oberland, Alps, Switzerland, 13,040 ft. high.	146 131 71 98 21
L. Permitted; lawful.	140 164 58 101 89
M. A drink offering.	8 59 53 181 32 69 91 45

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. American evangelist and hymn writer, one of a noted team (1840-1908).	41 128 70 10 150 157
O. Cheated; deceived; imposed upon (2 wds.; slang).	65 118 142 2 102 90 75
P. An island in the West Indies, originally Española.	23 36 169 76 15
Q. A law; decree; statute.	31 170 155 13 83 79 147 68 180
R. Ethics which treats of the relation of duty to pleasure.	145 130 52 112 168 121 124 35
S. An impressive cape on the Saguenay River, 39 miles from its mouth.	114 73 43 95 122 178 144 100
T. Marriage promise; to betroth.	153 171 17 72 167 126 25 134
U. To be in no hurry (3 wds.).	132 3 129 60 74 175 51 85 159 33
V. Drinks familiarly with another.	5 57 160 86 18 42 27
W. U. S. Act of 1807, also 1812, 1813, relating to foreign commerce, etc.	116 136 63 125 109 46 94
X. Nickname for one of the New England States.	120 48 110 127 166 103
Y. Mechanical; lacking variation, etc.	158 139 135 115 82 77 162 40 47 176 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for JUNE, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

ONE NEED not be an expert in popular music to be aware that for every new song such as "Nature Boy" or "Now Is the Hour" that has found its way into a million homes in the last six or eight months, there are a dozen old ones being played and sung even more widely than when they were new. A "Heartaches" which is revived to become a runaway best seller in this category is the exception; but it is no exception for a "Little White Lies" (class of 1930) or "All of Me" (an even earlier alumnus of Tin Pan Alley) to sell in the hundreds of thousands. That there is some truth at work here is attested by the appearance, on the best-seller list this month, of Decca's "Songs of Our Times" series.

At a first reaction, it would seem that temporal reasons alone are involved—the ban on recording which has been in effect now for nearly half a year, or a slump in the creation of marketable new material. Neither of these appeals to me as fundamental, however; for the revived old tunes necessarily antedate the ban, also; and the talents of Rodgers and Berlin, Porter and Schwartz, Duke and Arlen are still with us from the old days, plus enough new ones to balance those who have died, retired, or merely stopped writing.

My interpretation is of another sort. It is, I think, not so much a matter of better tunes, as of better times—the ones, that is, in which our newly embraced old favorites were first heard. That capacity of popular music for conjuring up an atmosphere, a state of mind, a reminiscence of "where was I then?" is well known. It may be debatable whether "Mountain Greenery" is a better tune than "So Far," but when Rodgers wanted to suggest the atmosphere of the Twenties in "Allegro" he had the good sense not to attempt a new song in the style of his old ones, but to utilize the authentic thing with all its reminiscent force intact.

So, when a pair of ears is arrested these days by "Little White Lies," it is hearing not only the phrases of a rather attractive tune, but also the echoes of a world more orderly, more attractive than today's. Popular songs are among the binding forces in the panorama of American life, whether we like them or not. And, it seems evident, when millions of Americans listen and buy records of songs they sang when they were much younger, a large part of that community is incidentally buying, as well as it can, the atmosphere of times they prefer to today's.

Thus to well-established category of escapist literature may be added the newer one of escapist music; with the subtle difference that we are seeking another period within our own lifetime as refuge. May we ask our politicians to heed this sign of a national hunger when they start making campaign promises?

IRVING KOLODIN,
Editor, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

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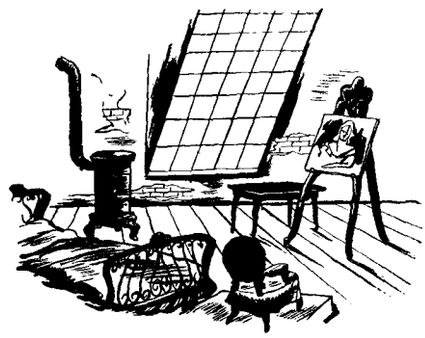

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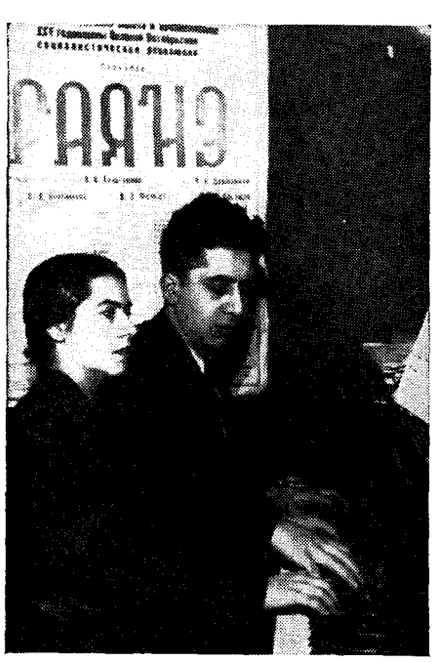
Thank You, Mr. Khatchaturian

ROLAND GELATT

WE CAN thank the Soviet Composers' Union (or was it *Komsomolskaya Pravda?)* for putting Aram Khatchaturian so neatly in a cauldron of ideological hot soup. Now that he has become—for the time being at least—*persona non grata* with Soviet authorities, those several million Americans who treasure a recording of his ubiquitous "Sabre Dance" can breathe more easily, free from the gnawing fear that Communist propaganda might be etched ever so subtly amid the shiny grooves.

Khatchaturian's abrupt fall from Soviet grace may not, indeed, be unrelated to the sudden emergence of "Sabre Dance" as a spectacular best-selling disc. Europeans have long been suspicious of the U. S. "best seller," arguing with understandable conviction that what sells best bears little relationship to what is best. They view with distinct alarm our Babbitt-like dependence on impressive arrays of digits as criteria for artistic worth. This is an old complaint, and one for which the cudgels are easily taken up. Several European friends of mine have soundly taken this magazine to task for its comprehensive "Records Over the Nation" survey, deeming it a Philistinism of the most flagrant order. However, for us it is no simple matter of being swayed by mass taste. That we are intrigued by record-buying trends, and report these in a monthly survey, by no means implies an artistic accolade for the various discs which happen to hit the best-seller mark. In all frankness, though, we must admit to the potent fascination which draws all Americans to best-seller figures.

In the strictest sense of the term, best-selling records are a comparatively recent phenomenon—"best" in this instance being a superlative with the accent on super. True, in the remote days of Caruso and Alma Gluck sales of individual discs attained figures of fairly colossal proportions. Caruso's "Vesti la Giubba," for instance, sold well into the millions. But we must remember that the range of recorded repertoire then was much more limited and that a collection of operatic arias was practically a social necessity, one of the things the radio-less American Home had to possess. Certainly during the 1920-1935 record slump (a malaise brought on by the radio and finally cured by the piano concerto) to speak of a best-selling record was sheerest bravado. Happily for all concerned, the record industry in 1948 can point to its own "Gone with the Winds," to its own wonder platters spinning on every record player in the land. Just *how* wonderful these wonder platters are, is a question hard to answer, for record publishers, unlike their literary counterparts, keep production figures guarded like Fort Knox gold. Rumors, however, do get around, such as the one which set the initial pressing of Ferruccio Tagliavini's current best-selling set at 100,000 albums—quite a few tons of Italian opera, with or without albums.



—*Sovfoto.*

Aram Khatchaturian and composer-wife—"his fall from Soviet grace may not be unrelated to the . . . 'Sabre Dance'."

Responsibility for reinstating "best seller" in the record executive's vocabulary can rightfully be claimed by Hollywood. It all began when Tchaikovsky's "B Flat Minor Piano Concerto" appeared on the sound track of a Bette Davis movie. Cinemagoers seemed to think its opening subject a pretty good tune, and so, apparently, did Freddy Martin, whose tabloid version quickly attained Hit Parade status. Thanks to the combined efforts of Warner Brothers and Mr. Martin, America's collective ear became rapturously attuned to the clangorous sounds of Tchaikovsky's Opus 23. The stage was not set for Arturo Toscanini and Vladimir Horowitz, a two-some possessing considerable box-office appeal in themselves. Their recording of the "genuine article" appeared in 1941 at a moment neatly coinciding with the Hollywood-Martin-induced Tchaikovsky landslide. Before long pressing plants were unable to cope with unprecedented demand for this hectic but amazingly salable interpretation. The classical record best seller had arrived.

It was not an unmixed blessing, for the best-seller phenomenon tempted record manufacturers to concentrate on those discs from which quick turnover, impressive profits could be extracted. Superior recordings needing years to show a profit were summarily shelved in favor of meretricious offerings from which large (even though short-lived) sales were assured. Another unfortunate by-product lay in the fact that production of best-selling records took up pressing space formerly utilized for less spectacular but equally worthwhile items. This is one of the reasons which led to wholesale depletions in catalogues, from which the record industry has not even yet quite recovered.

SINCE the Tchaikovsky concerto found its response, most of the tremendously popular record albums have followed in the wake of music-drenched movies. And Hollywood, loath to let go of a good thing, has

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glorified systematically the Romantic piano literature. Thus, after Tchaikovsky came Grieg (again with phonographic assistance by Freddy Martin), and the Rachmaninoff "Second Piano Concerto," with Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"—which hardly needed such assistance—in between. Mention might also be made of a certain Chopin polonaise which, in a recording by an eminent screen artist, found its way into a million homes.

There have been recent indications that a West Coast shove is no longer essential to land a record in the best-seller category. Both "Sabre Dance" and the Tagliavini operatic aria album (to choose two current examples) have made the grade without benefit of Hollywood. if aided no little by the radio. So, too, has the "Nutcracker Suite," a perennial favorite which is to record companies what Shakespeare is to book publishers.

If this trend away from movie-created demand continues, one may soon be able to trace definite patterns of musical taste among the figures for best-selling records. At present, disc best sellers still follow the Hollywood Line too closely to be of much significance. Here the remarks of a well-known record mogul whom we approached on this subject may be apropos. "Who cares about best sellers?" he asked querulously. "I don't; except as the means of making 'less-than-best' sellers possible. Best sellers are freaks—delightful freaks in the eyes of our stockholders—but worth little in an evaluation of American musical taste."

We took this worthy's advice and directed our inquiries to the "less-than-best" sellers — those albums which cross record counters at the highly respectable rate of 25,000 to 50,000 a year. Here we found some revealing mutations in musical taste. Fifteen years ago César Franck sold like hot cakes while Brahms gathered dust on the shelves; today Brahms more than holds his own with the Belgian symphonist. Before 1938, the Fifth, Third, and Sixth of Beethoven's symphonies were in greatest demand; since then, popularity has veered to the First, Fourth, Seventh, and Eighth as well. The story is the same in opera, where customers who used to ask only for Verdi, Puccini, and Bizet now also demand Mozart and Wagner. In the Twenties and Thirties, Bach sold only in heavily orchestrated doses, while in the Forties more and more buyers want him straight or not at all. And chamber music, formerly sales poison, has lately begun to attract, due, possibly, to such partnerships as Heifetz, Rubinstein, and Feuermann, or Francescatti and Casadesus. The figures on Wanda Landowska's "Goldberg Variations" sum up this trend succinctly. Before the war, Victor could dispose of only 2,500 sets of the imported French HMV waxing, and this over a period of five or six years. When Mme. Landowska re-recorded this music in 1946, 30,000 sets were sold within three months.

Clearly a broadening and sophistication of musical taste are revealed by such figures, and it is the records themselves which can take major honors for effecting what must be termed, without undue snobbery, a salutary change. We are all apt to inveigh against the vagaries (at times, annoying in the extreme) of the record industry, but a few statistics will serve to temper our wrath. The record companies, whatever their shortcomings, are far and away the most adventurous commercial music medium we have. Not, one should add, for purely altruistic reasons. For years disc producers plugged away at chamber music, then a drug on the market, following a theory that this long shot would eventually pay off. Time has proved them right. Today a great deal of "unprofitable" modern music is being recorded—for the very same reasons.

And what foots the bill in the meantime? Why, the best sellers, of course. Aram Khatchaturian probably doesn't realize it, but profits from the "Sabre Dance" balance amply the cost of a much needed recording of "L'Histoire du Soldat" by that renegade, not to mention "decadent," countryman of his, Igor Stravinsky. We leave to *Pravda* the task of commenting on the irony of this situation. Meanwhile, "thank you, Mr. Khatchaturian."

RECORD BEST SELLERS—1947

The First Five

RCA Victor

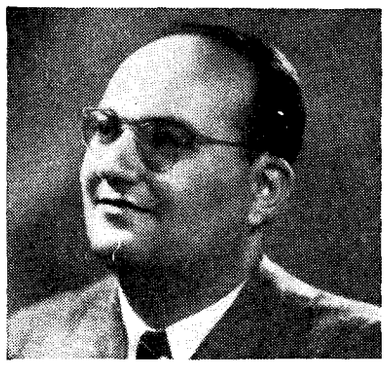
Albums:
Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite"
(Philadelphia Orch.—Ormandy)
Tchaikovsky's "Piano Concerto No. 1"
(Honors shared by Horowitz with NBC Orch.—Toscanini; & Rubinstein with Minneapolis Orch.—Mitropoulos)
Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"
(Vladimir Horowitz)
Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony"
(NBC Orch.—Toscanini)
Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade"
(San Francisco Orch.—Monteux)

Singles:
Chopin's "Polonaise in A flat"
(José Iturbi)
Debussy's "Clair de Lune"
(José Iturbi)
Addinsell's "Warsaw Concerto"
(Boston "Pops"—Fiedler)
Cade's "Jalousie"
(Boston "Pops"—Fiedler)
Liszt's "Liebestraum"
(José Iturbi)

Columbia

Albums:
Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"
(Levant with Philadelphia Orch.—Ormandy)
Strauss Waltzes
(Kostelanetz Orch.)
Khatchaturian's "Gayne Suite"
(NY Philharmonic—Efrem Kurtz)
Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite"
(NY Philharmonic—Rodzinski)
Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel"
(Metropolitan Opera)

Singles:
Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria"
(Kostelanetz Orch.)
Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer"
(Nelson Eddy)
Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2"
(Philadelphia Orch.—Ormandy)
Villa-Lobos's "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5"
(Bidu Sayão)
Selections from Puccini's "La Bohème"
(London Symphony—Tauber)



My Current Reading

Andor Foldes, rising concert pianist, sends us a list of his reading. Author of the recent "Keys to the Keyboard," Mr. Foldes has played twice this year in Carnegie Hall and has recently returned from a cross-country concert tour.

THE ART OF JUDGING MUSIC, *by Virgil Thomson (Knopf)*
ROMAIN ROLLAND'S ESSAYS ON MUSIC *(Allen, Towne & Heath)*
ALBERT SCHWEITZER: THE MAN AND HIS MIND, *by George Seaver (Harper)*
CHARLESTON: A GRACIOUS HERITAGE, *by Robert Molloy (Appleton)*
TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, *by James Michener (Macmillan)*
THE MARSHALL FIELDS: A STUDY IN WEALTH, *by John Tebbel (Dutton)*
TWO ON A CONTINENT *(rereading), by Lili Foldes (Dutton)*
KINGSBLOOD ROYAL, *by Sinclair Lewis (Random)*
A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE: ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA, *by Carey McWilliams (Little, Brown)*
LETTERS OF RAINER MARIE RILKE, Vol. II, 1910-1926. *Translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton (Norton)*

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Reprise, ad Lib

EDWIN H. BRONNER

THE COLLECTING of rare, out-of-print recordings is something of an art—an art that demands good sense, discretion, and the perserverance of a bloodhound on the scent. The uninitiated may shake their heads or pause to wonder, but when the intrepid collector stumbles across a Melba or a Bix or a Lillian Russell, it is a moment comparable to the unearthing of a minor masterpiece by the art lover, a first-edition by the bibliophile.

For some years now I have been collecting Broadway celebrity records. A romanticist when it comes to the musical-comedy stage, even such flat champagne of recent vintage as "Viva O'Brien," "The Lady Comes Across," "Hairpin Harmony," and—let us mention it with proper reverence and awe—"The Girl from Nantucket," fail to disillusion me for long. I'm still there in my accustomed seat on the aisle when a new song-and-dance show comes to town, waiting hopefully, patiently for another "Of Thee I Sing," "Bandwagon," or "Garrick Gaieties" to happen along. Until one does, however, I am content to recreate moments from these and similar shows on rare old records.

That, in brief, is why my spare time and spare cash are spent haunting dark, dusty little shops in an effort to uncover possible prizes to add to my wax museum—numbers like "You Do Something to Me" from "Fifty Million Frenchmen" sung by Chevalier, "Eadie Was a Lady" from "Take a Chance" sung by Ethel Merman, "They Didn't Believe Me," from "The Girl from Utah," sung by Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit, "Am I Blue," "Body and Soul," or "Moanin' Low" sung by Libby Holman.

The lady with the expensive whisky voice is in equally good form on other show tunes which she recorded for Brunswick:

"Can't We Be Friends?" from "The Little Show," "I May Be Wrong," from "Almanac," "Why Was I Born?" from "Sweet Adeline," "What Is This Thing Called Love?" from "Wake Up and Dream," "Something to Remember You By" from "Three's a Crowd" (remember Fred Allen's uproarious "Admiral Byrd" skit in that show?) and "A Ship Without a Sail" from the early Rodgers and Hart excursion "Heads Up!"

Libby Holman wasn't the only one who could sell a torch song. Perhaps you remember the "forlorn and lonely young woman with the big soulful eyes, looking infinitely remote from her perch atop of a piano, twisting a handkerchief and pouring out her bitter-sweet songs of love to the roaring Twenties."

So writes Leonard W. Joy, who conducted the orchestra that accompanied Helen Morgan when she recorded her ballads.

Victor has re-pressed some of her standards: "Bill," of course, and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man." But you've got to scout around a bit to uncover the plaintive, beautifully handled "Mean to Me" or "When He Comes Home to Me." That same holds true for "Who Cares What You Have Been?" from Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic," "Frankie and Johnnie," "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man," "Song of a Dreamer," and "I See Two Lovers" from "Sweet Music," one of Morgan's few films.

Though Jerry Robbins has vitamized the dance for us, and what Robbins leaves undone is grist for DeMille, to many reactionary die-hards like myself, the early routines of Fred and Adele Astaire are still the ones in the top drawer. Here are the Astaires, with Gershwin at the piano, offering bits of advice, banging out his scintillating rhythms from "Tip Toes," "Funny Face," and a host of others. And here's Bill Robinson's inspired tapping to "Ain't Misbehavin' " and Eleanor Powell doing her "Got a Bran' New Suit" number from "At Home Abroad," accompanied by an up-and-coming orchestra, that of Tommy Dorsey.

Noel Coward has recorded (RCA-Victor & HMV) close to fifty of his melodic brain-children from such productions as "Words and Music," "This Year of Grace," "London Calling," and the "Charlot Revues," but few, if any, of these discs are available at ordinary music shops. You'll search high and low before uncovering a copy of "Green Carnations" from "Bitter-sweet," "World Weary," or "Mrs. Worthington."

Helen Morgan poured out "her bitter-sweet songs of love to the roaring Twenties."

Porter himself has interpreted several of his ditties for phonograph consumption. These include "The Physician," "Anything Goes," "You're the Top" (with verses never heard on the air long ago and far away when the song was America's national pastime), "Thank You So Much, Mrs. Lowsborough—Goodbye."

Mae West's early records are certainly collectors' items which "age cannot wither nor custom stale." And when the undulating femme with the hour-glass figure innuendos her way through "I Like a Guy What Takes His Time" on Brunswick—well, you can almost hear the sheets rustle.

The younger generation tends to associate Clifton Webb with the dapper murderer Waldo Lydecker in "Laura" and to forget that he was first and foremost a song-and-dance man—and a good one. Webb recorded three or four Irving Berlin tunes from "As Thousands Cheer" and sang them in an intriguing fashion. They're worth hearing.

Bea Little made a flock of records in the Twenties and early Thirties, among them "Susannah," "Baby Didn't Know," and from the ill-fated show "Oh, Please!" (with composer Vincent Youmans at the piano) the delightful "Nicodemus."

Walter Huston's "September Song" from "Knickerbocker Holiday," Nancy Walker's "Ev'ry Time" from "Best Foot Forward," Olga Albani's "It's You I Love" from "Sons o' Guns," Carl Brisson's "Cocktails for Two" from "Murder at the Vanities," and Grace Hayes's (Peter Lind Hayes's mother) warbling of the Jimmy McHugh-Dorothy Fields's tunes from "Blackbirds of 1928" and "The International Revue": "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "I Must Have That Man," "Exactly Like You," "On the Sunny Side of the Street"—these are a few of my all-time favorites in the field of celebrity records.

There are many others: Mistinguette, Yvonne Printemps, Mary Ellis, Sophie Tucker, Dennis King, Al Jolson, Harry Richman, Greta Keller, Irene Bordoni, Fred Stone, Evelyn Laye, Florence Desmond, Blossom Seeley, Frances Williams, Ruth Etting. . . . They're all waiting to sing their songs once more, waiting to take you back through the years. Listen! . . .

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The Basic Record Library

Schumann

PIANO CONCERTO

In A Minor. Opus 54. A survey of Schumann's recorded works with orchestra which began at this point six months ago would have been inauspicious indeed. However, two excellent versions have been offered to the public since then, establishing a much wider choice than existed before: a Rubinstein, with the West Coast RCA Victor Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Steinberg, and a new Serkin for Columbia. The latter is an issue not previously reviewed, but listed for release shortly. Its appearance is fortunate, for it has qualities to match the best in the Rubinstein issue, and some that are superior—especially, reproduction. The Rubinstein amounts to a studio-sounding version, on a high level of excellence: the Serkin (with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, and the acoustics of the Academy of Music) a proper replica of a concert-hall performance. There is perhaps a little more pulsation, rhythmically speaking, in Rubinstein's playing, but fine solidity, weight, and power in Serkin's. There are some technical blemishes in the latter's performance, especially at the end of the first movement, where Rubinstein is all surety and finesse; but my preference inclines to the total of qualities in the Columbia issue.

Though the Claudio Arrau — Karl Krueger — Detroit Symphony issue is reasonably contemporary in sound (it appeared shortly after the war's end), it was not the kind of Schumann-playing I care about, even when it was without challenge the newest recording of the work. There are still those who cherish the Myra Hess of a dozen years back, which retains a bouquet of its own, even if one must strain a sense or two to apprehend it. Certainly it would seem that a new English version of this would be in order, for the Hess public in this country is greater than ever before. Dame Myra has remarked more than once on her discomfort in a recording studio, but it would seem worth her effort when the work is one as closely associated with her as this.

VIOLIN CONCERTO

In D minor. Menuhin's performance with the Philharmonic-Symphony directed by Barbirolli retains its singular place—both in respect to the performer's interest in the music and its lack of duplication in accessible form (see imports below). As an interpretation it is one of the most impressive to Menuhin's credit, and Barbirolli was not wanting here, either.

CELLO CONCERTO

In A minor. Since Piatigorsky has relocated his cello with Columbia, perhaps one can anticipate a new edition from him of a performance which was generally admired when new, and suffers now only from the disabilities of age inherent in a recording first issued in 1935. Barbirolli and the London Philharmonic were his able collaborators.

THE SYMPHONIES

No. 1 in B flat ("Spring"). Passionate youth and seasoned age are the opposing characteristics of the two standard versions of this music—Leinsdorf, in his Cleveland days, exemplifies the first, Koussevitzky in his perennial Boston ones (these of 1939), the second. Half a dozen years' progress in recording are also allied with Leinsdorf, but this is a work that Koussevitzky reads with force and clarity, no slight assets in association with the splendors of the Boston ensemble. For this "Spring," my fancy would turn to Leinsdorf, but I can see the contrary preference, too.

No. 2 in C. There are pros and cons to be considered in relation to both domestic versions: Mitropoulos, conducting a rather meager-sounding performance for Columbia, has a stronger sense of this music to convey than Ormandy, whose orchestra is the lush Philadelphia, enhanced by the handsome sonority of its Academy of Music. A guarded vote, then, for Mitropoulos, with the hope that a new issue from abroad will give Schumann what is owing to him (see below).

No. 3 in E flat ("Rhenish"). Another consolation prize for Mitropoulos, for his RCA Victor recording, on balance, is more listenable than the distended sounds the Columbia engineers (circa 1943) made of Bruno Walter's performance with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. That performance, objectively, is a more attractive thing than the Mitropoulos, but the latter has its points, and they are not too few for a generally able performance of this score. The line of distinction, in any case, is slight.

No. 4 in D minor. The appearance last year of a Goossens performance with the Cincinnati Orchestra probably means the disappearance of the Walter-London Symphony album from the RCA-Victor lists. This is not as regrettable as it might seem, for Goossens works with purpose and authority at this music, and much more emerges from the speaker than was contained on the considerably older version by Walter. If the usual portents are reliable ones, Walter may have the opportunity to replace, for Columbia, its outmoded Stock-Chicago issue. That was musically of sound quality, but never more than an acceptable recording.

OVERTURES

"Manfred." At last report, the sturdy, well-phrased performance of Adrian Boult was listed among the items withdrawn from the Victor catalogue since wartime. In the absence of anything more contemporary that is regrettable, for it had more than respectable musical merit.

IMPORTS

The record buyer in search of optimum quality regardless of cost or source has little consolation in the European catalogue of Schumann recordings. For no cogent reason, this composer has had little part in the renaissance of recording since ffrr followed V-J in the world march of initials. English Decca has new versions of the second and fourth symphonies in work (the conductors are Enesco and Muench, respectively), and Pathé, in France, has recorded André Navarre, a brilliant cellist of the younger generation, in Schumann's concerto for that instrument. That set has not yet appeared here, but a sampling of the same virtuoso in the forthcoming Beecham version of "Don Quixote" suggests that it may well be anticipated. Otherwise, the Kuhlenkampf version of the violin concerto has apparently vanished from circulation.

IRVING KOLODIN.

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BEECHAM

Dance of the Persian Slaves from "Khovantchina"—Moussorgsky. Conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Record 12-0239, $1.25.

BERNSTEIN

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra (1932)—Ravel. The Philharmonia Orchestra of London, Leonard Bernstein, pianist-conductor. DM-1209, $4.75; DV-15, $7.00.

DEFAUW

Water Music—Suite; Concerto Grosso No. 21, in D Minor, Op. 6, No. 10 and *Largo* (Xerxes: Act I)—Handel. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. John Weicher, Solo Violin. DM-1208, $6.

ELMAN

Slavonic Fantasy in B Minor—Dvořák (Arranged by Fritz Kreisler) and *Aus der Heimat, No. 1* (From My Home)—Smetana. Wolfgang Rosé at the piano. 12-0241, $1.25.

KOUSSEVITZKY

Brandenburg Concerto No. 6, in B-flat—Bach. Boston Symphony Orchestra. *Red Seal* Album DM-1211, $4.75.

FIEDLER

conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. *The Moldau*—Smetana, and *Husitská Overture, Op. 67*—Dvořák. DM-1210, $4.75. *Orpheus in Hades: Overture*—Offenbach. RCA Victor Record 12-0240, $1.25.

ITURBI

June (*Barcarolle in G Minor*) and *November* (*Troïka en traineaux in E*)—Tchaikovsky. 12-0242, $1.25.

Prices include Federal excise tax and are subject to change without notice. ("DM" and "DV" albums also available in manual sequence at $1 extra.)

MENUHIN

Symphonie Espagnole, Op. 21—Lalo. Orchestra Colonne, Jean Fournet, Conductor. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Album DM-1207, $6.00.

MERRILL

Brooklyn Baseball Cantata—Stratton-Kleinsinger. With Russ Case and his Orchestra and Chorus. Album DC-42, $3.00.

Annie Laurie—Lady John Scott (Arranged by Liza Lehmann) and *Gentle Annie*—Stephen Foster. Leila Edwards at the piano. 10-1408, $1.00.

RODZINSKI

Gayne, Ballet Suite—Khatchaturian. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor Album DM-1212, $3.50.

SHAW

Petites Voix—Madeleine Ley-Poulenc. (Five selections.) RCA Victor Chorale. Record 10-1409, $1.00.

WARREN

Sea Shanties—Traditional (arranged by Tom Scott). "Blow the Man Down," "Rio Grande," "The Drummer and the Cook," "Shenandoah," four others. With Orchestra and Chorus, Morris Levine, Conductor. RCA Victor Album M-1186, $5.00.

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RCA VICTOR RECORDS

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Reviews of the Month

The remarkable run of choral works which has distinguished record lists of the last year is continued this month with one of the best of them: a complete Mozart "Requiem" from Italy. Both American companies show indications of pre-Petrillo-ban progress in improving their recording processes, Columbia with a Kabalevsky album, RCA-Victor with its "Sleeping Beauty." Otherwise, re-issues predominate, from Brahms to Wagner.

Triumph of Song

MOZART: *"Requiem Mass." Victor de Sabata conducting the EIAR Orchestra and chorus, with Pia Tassinari, Ebe Stignani, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Italo Tajo, soloists.* (Cetra-Soria album 101, $15.70.)

For the Mozartian, for the lover of fine singing, or for the connoisseur of remarkable accomplishments in the lore of recording, this is a trove of interest and delight. Such beautiful sound through so long a sequence of records (sixteen sides) is a rarity to be put beside the Vienna "Rosenkavalier" or the Berlin "Magic Flute" as the level of art to which the phonograph should aspire, but seldom does. There may be Mozart "Requiems" to come which will surpass this in some detail, but hardly one which can challenge its collective virtues.

Of initial impact, though in no sense overbearing, is the art of de Sabata, who molded his excellent materials into an entity; in sequence come the fine quartet of Tassinari and Stignani, Tagliavini and Tajo. All have been heard amply on other recordings, but one did not realize, until the "Tuba Mirum"—the first quartet in the "Requiem"—how superbly the voice of one complements the voice of all. There is an evenness of vocal character in the passage of a phrase from one to the other which is not expected by a composer, but adds mightily to the effect he imagined. The "Benedictus" is a special example of this, affirming the fine lyric artist Tagliavini was before he took seriously his boyhood name of "Il Picolo Caruso."

The catalogue of praise includes the superb choral singing—the "Confutatis" is an instance of the ability of massed voices to sing softly without losing audibility of tone — and the orchestral work, which is first class. Technically, the recording is highly expert, save for an occasional solo side in which the singer is closer to the microphone (and thus to the ear) than she was previously. The Basilica of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome, which was used for the sessions, adds majesty and depth to the sound that is heard. The shellac surfaces are much above the American average.

Bright and Facile

KABALEVSKY: *"The Comedians." Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album MX-295, $3.50.)

Kabalevsky's previous status as an odd-side composer (his "Colas Breugnon" overture is a filler in two albums, at least) is nominally improved by this first extended work of his to appear on American discs. "Nominally" is indicated because the quality remains odd-side, even at album length. These are bright, facile pieces (originally written for a play called "The Inventor and the Comedian") which aim for the approximate level of Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf." However there is nothing like as much charm in the ideas, and they too often echo more of Shostakovitch than just the xylophone in his "Age d'Or" à la polka.

It is exposed at this length to indicate the excellent quality of the recording that Columbia has contrived, presumably in Carnegie Hall. The highs, particularly, are accounted for as they should be, and though the final tympani passage on the last side booms rather than penetrates, there are evidences here that fine things may be expected of Columbia when recording is resumed. Kurtz performs with the fervor of a zealot, and the rhythmic pulse of his ballet days.

Relief from "Scheherezade"

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Antar" Symphony. Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony.* (RCA-Victor album DM 1203, $4.75.)

The old "Antar" was a casualty of the wartime cut-out lists, and it is gratifying to welcome this vigorous new version by Monteux to replace the outmoded one of Coppola, which first appeared here in 1934. As one of the earliest works by Rimsky to show the scope of his talent (1869, when he was but twenty-five years old), it is full of dazzling color and richness of imagination which is familiar to all in the later works from "Scheherezade" to "Coq d'Or." Influences remain of such predecessors as Dargomijsky and Balakirev, but much more prominent are original procedures which prevail in Russian music even unto today.

Monteux, of course, has a superlative instinct for music of this genre, and he delivers it with breadth and fulness. His orchestra has not the richness of brass one would like to hear in some of the climaxes, and the recording hall sounds a little shallow for scoring of this character. In other respects the recording is thoroughly successful, and may be commended to anyone who would welcome a variant from "Scheherezade."

3 Sides to a Club Sandwich

HANDEL: *"Concerto in B flat, opus 4 No. 6." Marcel Grandjany, harp, with orchestra conducted by Jean Paul Morel.* (RCA-Victor album 1201, $4.75.)

What the record buyer is confronted with these days is graphically illustrated by the charge he must pay to own and enjoy the work noted above. When it last appeared in the Victor catalogue, it was valued at $1.50. Inflation is a small part of the spread since, but even more crucial a factor is the policy by which *three* odd-side pieces are added to the album for the doubtful purpose of accommodating mechanical record changers, and adding to the price of the album. Thus, in 1941 it was available on three ten-inch sides, with space for another work on the fourth side; now, the music of Handel is spread over three twelve-inch sides, and pieces by Couperin, Kirchhoff, and Francisque spread on the other sides. Moreover, the purchaser has no alternative, for the music is available only in this form.

For the work itself and the performance, I have only praise, though the lengthy cadenza at the beginning of the third side is too ornate for my taste. It is otherwise thoroughly delightful music, crisply played by Grandjany, and well-framed by the work of Morel. Of the smaller pieces, there is charm in the Couperin "Soeur Monique," which would have been welcome as the normal odd-side, if twelve-inch discs had to be used. The recording is excellent.

The Terpsichorean Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Sleeping Beauty" music. Leopold Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1205, $8.75.)

In its first effort to parallel the open, spacious recording which Decca

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has made famous as ffrr, RCA-Victor has had the good judgment to utilize some of the most gracious, attractive music that Tchaikovsky invented for any of his ballets. Part of it is utilized in the abbreviated ballet called "Aurora's Wedding," other parts in "Princess Aurora," but all of it is dazzling in its rhythmic contrasts and orchestral colors.

Stokowski has a tendency to overstage the big numbers—such as the mazurka, polonaise, and the famous waltz—but there is much that is deft, high-spirited, and musically imaginative in his direction of the little morceaux that make up the bulk of the album. These, too, are the most successful stretches of recording, in the precision and fine timber of individual woodwind, string, and percussion instruments. The mass of sound is not so well handled, possibly because the auditorium utilized (a portion of the old Manhattan Opera House, on 34th Street in New York City) is new to the engineers, and all its qualities have not yet been evaluated. However, it is an impressive advance for domestic recording, and one that should be the common standard when work is resumed.

The Light Heart of Lehar

LEHAR: *"Count of Luxembourg" and other waltzes. Franz Lehar conducting the orchestra of the Zurich Tonhalle.* (London album 10, $7.35.)

Having survived the stigma of being known as "Hitler's favorite composer," a designation as unattractive as it was unwelcome, Franz Lehar is living out his years in Switzerland, as these records attest. They attest also that though he is more than seventy-five, he is neither a stodgy nor an inflexible hand as director of his own music. It demonstrates again—as it is well to have demonstrated occasionally—that there is solid truth in the contention that this kind of music has a style of its own which requires a stylist's hand.

In his conducting of excerpts from "The Count of Luxembourg" and "Eva," as well as the famous "Gold and Silver" waltz, Lehar's pulse is steadiness itself, the accelerations and ritards always within a sensitive fraction of each other. The "Eva" waltz is the new name of this collection to me, though most listeners will find that they are acquainted with its superb main theme, even if not previously by name. The reproduction throughout is in the best vein of ffrr, of especial benefit to the suave strings of the Zurich ensemble.

IRVING KOLODIN.

Civilization, Plaintiff

WILLIAM L. SHIRER

FOR TEN and a half months in 1945 and 1946, recording machines took down for posterity the millions of words spoken in four languages at the most unique and probably the most significant trial of modern times. As Mr. Justice Jackson said in his eloquent opening address, the real complaining party at the bar in Nurnberg was Civilization. And Civilization, such as it is, had its day in court, presenting evidence in such massive detail and of such a horrible nature, that at times even the repulsive little defendants in the dock, the last top survivors of the Nazi regime, bowed their heads in shame.

Eleven of them, after being found guilty of crimes against Civilization, were hanged, seven were sentenced to imprisonment and three acquitted. Every word they spoke and every word spoken for or against them or in judgment of them was preserved on recordings made by United States Army and Navy technicians.

Epoch Records has now made a first attempt to extract the high points of the trial and present them to the general public.* The very attempt itself is worthy of praise, since the world that survived the Nazi onslaught—and particularly the American part of that world—shows appalling signs of forgetting all too quickly the very evils that almost destroyed it.

But if the attempt is praiseworthy, it cannot be said that it is very successful. Admittedly a trial of such length and of such complexity could not be adequately depicted on ten sides which last only some forty minutes. But even within the narrow limits set, more careful and imaginative editing might at least have given a better and clearer impression of the historic proceedings in the old Nurnberg courthouse.

*"AUTHENTIC RECORDED HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NURNBERG TRIAL. Binghamton, N. Y.: Epoch Records. Five 12" records. $12.50.

You do hear the defendants pleading guilty and Hess confessing his faked amnesia and Prosecutor Dodd reading the testimony of an inmate at Dachau and there are extracts from the great opening and closing addresses of Mr. Justice Jackson. These make fascinating recordings.

But it is difficult to understand why nearly half the records are given over to lesser moments of the trial such as the reading of portions of "Mein Kampf" by an assistant British prosecutor, the cross-examination of an obscure Swedish businessman by Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, and the cross-examination of Schacht by Justice Jackson. The chief American prosecutor was not at his best in cross-examination, as the portions recorded make clear, but if this aspect had to be included then his duel with Goering, which he by no means won but which at least was dramatic, would have made a more interesting record.

So much is given to trifles that there is no room for a great deal that might have been included, however briefly. We hear a few words from Lord Justice Lawrence, the presiding judge, but nothing from the American, French, and Russian judges, nor, for that matter, from the French and Russian prosecutors. How did the chief culprits sound when they took the stand in their own defense? What were their lawyers like? Their witnesses and the prosecution witnesses? And did not the trial, like all trials, reach a dramatic climax when first the judgments were read and then the sentences? Not a word or a sound of such moments is included. And what is given is so disjointed, so unrelated to the picture of the trial as a whole, that the listener is bound to feel confused and baffled.

Some day, I hope, an artist will put together a recording of the Nurnberg trial. Some of the technique of radio documentaries without the music would have to be used, I think, beginning with a narrator who would link the various episodes together. With tight, imaginative editing, it probably could be done in less than two hours' playing time. And it could be a fascinating, dramatic offering.

Parts of the present recording give an inkling of how good it could be.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 47 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: "Der Kränze," "Der Schmied," and "Feldeinsamkeit," Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. RCA Victor No. 10-1405, $1	Lehmann's treatment of "Feldeinsamkeit" is impressive, but without the eloquence of an old, well-remembered version by John McCormack. No separation between the two shorter songs on the other side. Both of these are taken a little deliberately, apparently in respect of her vocal limitations. Good average recording.
Brahms: "Sonata in F minor, Opus 99." Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, and Ralph Berkowitz, piano. Columbia album 590, $7	The album number here is misleading, for it was assigned to fill an empty spot in the series, and does not reflect anything about the recording itself. This is a dull-sounding reproduction of a not imaginative playing of a rather drab work. I'd prefer a restoration of the Casals edition once in the RCA-Victor catalogue.
Britten: "Matinees Musicales." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1204, $4	Brightly orchestrated excerpts from piano pieces of Rossini, plus two excerpts from "William Tell," originally done for a Ballet Theatre production, much in the vein of Respighi's "Boutique Fantasque." The conducting is well-paced, the recording clear.
Copland: "Ukelele Serenade" and "Hoe Down," plus other pieces by Still, McBride, Triggs, and Helm. Louis Kaufman, violin, with piano by Annette Kaufman. Vox album 627, $4.75	Two good pieces by Copland are the distinction of this miscellany of short American violin works. The "Blues" of Still also has quality, as does Kaufman's playing of the whole collection, but the purchaser should have more latitude of choice than is permitted. The recording has good frequency response, but the surfaces are variable.
Delius: "Brigg Fair." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1206, $3.50	The standard phonograph performance, resplendent in new tonal garb. Tailored to the specifications of the recent Delius Society issue, and as good a fit.
Franck: "Redemption." Desiré Defauw conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor No. 120187, $1.25	A different arrangement of the Franck cliches, for those who have tired of them in the "Symphony" or "Variations Symphonique." Good idiomatic work by Defauw, reproduced with clarity but too little resonance.
Glinka: "Kamarinskaya." Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Columbia 12715, $1.25	An engaging work, of which there has been no previous recording in an American catalogue. Two Russian folk songs are manipulated by Glinka in the spirit and with the skill of his "Russlam and Ludmilla" overture. Reiner's work is peerless, the recording excellent.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" suite. Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia album MX 291, $3.50	Nothing here but orchestral execution and suave recording to challenge the high standard of Beecham. If this new addition to the Columbia catalogue means the deletion of that masterpiece of interpretation, the confusion of change with progress will be more complete than usual.
Ibert: "Divertissement." Arthur Fiedler directing the Boston "Pops." RCA Victor album 1199, $3.90	A reissue, separated from the MacDowell concerto with it formerly shared an album. One remembers well both the ironic gaiety and the satiric bite of the music, also the appropriateness of Fiedler's direction. Though ten years old, the recording is still admirable.
Schumann: "Kinderscenen." Maryla Jonas, piano. Columbia album MX 290, $3.50	To my taste, this is the best playing Miss Jonas has put on records to date. Each of the sections is beautifully comprehended, restated with taste and superb pianistic control. Even so simple a piece as "Traümerei" is given the values suitable to it, no more no less. Rough surfaces and some tonal wavering marred the set I heard.
Smetana: "Polkas." Ernö Balogh piano. Vox album 179, $3.15	Warm-hearted, bittersweet dance rhythms, in which the hearty flavor of Smetana is strongly evident. The results are not unlike the Chopinized "Mazurkas," as Balogh attests with his forceful performances. The reproduction of the piano is clangy, not as resonant as one would like.
Strauss, Johann: "Fledermaus" overture. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor No. 12-0189 $1.25. "Gypsy Baron". No. 12-0188, $1.25	There is efficiency and some style, in Fiedler's leadership here, but also an excessively business-like manner. What the "Pops" tone lacks for this music may be noted by comparison with the Lehar discs discussed on p. 41.
Strauss, Johann: "G'Schicten aus dem Wiener Wald," "Wiener Blut," etc. Erna Sack, soprano, with orchestra directed by Victor Reinshagen. London album L.A. 71, $7.35	Sack's vocal work belongs to the "Bach trumpet" school—high, thin, and difficult. The rather limited objective is, always, a final tone around F or G above high C—which is the eminent domain of the Sackson voice—the waltzes no more than an incident in the display. Heuberger, Josef Strauss, and Lehar items are also included.
Stravinsky: "Le Baiser de la Feé" (Divertimento). Igor Stravinsky conducting The RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1202, $3.75	Those who prefer either their Stravinsky or their Tschaikovsky undiluted will not find much that is delightful in this mingling of them. A pleasant tune or two is almost unbearable when embellished in Stravinsky's fashion in this score. The performance is extremely spirited, the Hollywood recording succesful in its multi-microphone way.
Tschaikovsky: "None but the Lonely Heart." Leonard Warren, baritone, with Willard Sektberg, piano. RCA Victor No. 10-1406, $1	A noble noise indeed is the Warren voice as it is heard here, though the power employed suggests the use of four motors to lift a glider. An English version of Goethe's text is utilized. With it is d'Hardelot's bathetic "Because," given a properly tearful treatment.
Wagner: "Wotan's Farewell" ("Walkuere"). Paul Schoeffler, basso, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Karl Rankl. English Decca Album EDA 46, $5.25	A dull orchestral performance by Rankl is no disservice to the burly singing of Schoeffler, but together they are no benefit to Wagner. Recording was made in the Assembly Hall, Walthamsthow, which is too live for proper results in this heavily-scored music. Nothing like the quality of the old Schorr-Blech version, which remains the standard. IRVING KOLODIN.

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A Cantata Grows in Brooklyn

WALTER "RED" BARBER

IT WOULD seem in an already confused world, the writer would have enough to do trying to keep up with the actual Dodgers without moving into the realm of the musical. However, your editor and I have taken in a great many games together, and he should know what he is doing with his space. Inasmuch as he apparently doesn't care what happens, and, furthermore, everything seems to be completely unreal when the firmament of Flatbush is touched by the Dodgers, herewith my view of the "Brooklyn Baseball Cantata." (Victor album No. DC 42, $3.)

The musical review qualifications of the writer are decidedly limited. The breadth and scope of his background cover the blastings of the rag-tag Brooklyn Sim-Phony, with Shorty Lorice as maestro, which is not even a reasonable facsimile of Toscanini. However, it was my earnest hope when I played through the records of the "Brooklyn Baseball Cantata" that I could detail a succession of clean base hits topped off with a grand-slam home-run. Robert Merrill, a Brooklyn boy supposedly still suffering from his inability as a young man to play second base at Ebbets Field, has a fine voice. The orchestration is very smooth, and on the surface the performance is quite professional. However, I must confess that the words by Michael Stratton leave much to be desired and the music by George Kleininger is hardly inspired.

The cantata begins with an immediately false statement. Merrill sings that "Brooklyn rests." Never was there a more erroneous remark in the realm of music or anywhere else. If there is one thing that does not happen, it is that Brooklyn rests. The borough of three million people is a tumultuous, seething boiling pot.

It is also a little jarring that the team the Dodgers play is the New York Yankees. It is the Giants who are the natural and bitter rivals of the Dodgers. In fact, the Giant-Dodger rivalry is the strongest and most colorful inter-team rivalry in all baseball. Surface two is a satirical study of an umpire. The inspiration for the form of it is quite similar to the "Song of the Flea." The idea is that the umpire, who is from the Bronx, is not an umpire because he ever wished to be, but is deliberately seeking revenge because he was turned down as a player and therefore delights in miscalling plays, thus to even his personal score. It always disturbs me even in the realm of fantasy and novelty and light amusement to have an umpire so portrayed. I am constantly amazed that we can find enough men of pure judicial outlook, with absolute fairness, who will take the constant gaff and abuse that is the inevitable lot of the umpire.

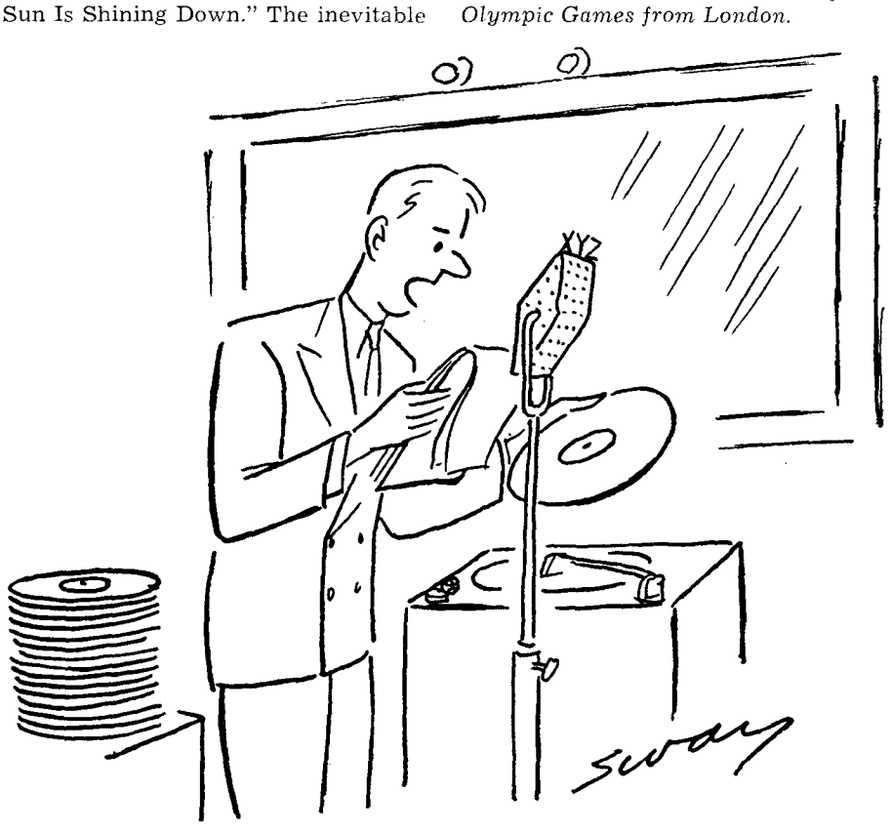
The cantata definitely comes up with a change of pace on record three. The most original composition is a girl singing to a Brooklyn pinch-hitter—"It's Up to You." This is a pleasant lyric and is very good fun. There is a syncopated chorus background and I found this section the most entertaining. The pinch-hitter is called "Cookie," which, of course, is reference to Lavagetto and his celebrated pinch-hit of the 1947 World Series. However, as the cantata was supposedly composed first in 1937, Mr. Lavagetto was then just coming to the Dodgers and had in no wise advanced so high in his ballistic profession that he would have so been singled out.

Surface four has a good moment with Merrill and the chorus singing lustily "At Ebbets Field Where the Sun Is Shining Down." The inevitable denouement of the successful pinch-hit by Cookie is portrayed. To the surprise of no one, the Dodgers win.

Seriously, however, Brooklyn is a tremendous city. It is exceeded in population only by the city of which it is in some degree still an unwilling member, and by Chicago. Brooklyn is one of the great ports of the world. It is one of the vital industrial areas anywhere. It sent more men and women to the Armed Forces in the recent war than did any one of some thirty-six states. Perhaps my feeling of disappointment in the "Brooklyn Baseball Cantata" is not so much in the cantata itself but in the fact that with such a wealth of dynamic, pulsating human material that is in Brooklyn and its people, we do not have proper musical representation and appreciation.

In 1941 Robert Russell Bennett dashed off within a week, purely as a novelty also, the "Symphony in D for the Dodgers." This is by far the best musical approach to the baseball question in Brooklyn. It might be that if Mr. Bennett's work were used as basis, with a closing section in the vein of the best portions of the "Brooklyn Baseball Cantata," we would then have a much better work.

"Red" Barber has been for nearly a decade the popular radio broadcaster of the Brooklyn Dodgers' ball games. He is also director of sports for CBS, and will soon be heard describing the Olympic Games from London.



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Some Highs and Lows

IF YOU have finally chosen an amplifier for the central element in your phonograph system and have bought a speaker and a pickup assembly, there remains the vital problem of mounting and locating the speaker for best realism in your own situation. Your decision may make or mar your listening pleasure.

First, a speaker must be mounted, so as to interpose some sort of baffle between the sound waves sent out in front and those coming from the back —otherwise the speaker, minus baffle, will give a tinny, unrealistic sound; lacking in bass and fulness. I suggest that, before you buy or build a cabinet, you experiment with the plain, open-baffle mounting, in a square of wall board, celotex, or plywood. To my ear the results, especially given the right room location, are virtually as good. Ideally your baffle should be sound-absorbent, but even plywood will do surprisingly well. In fact a simple three-foot square of it, will give you better results than most table model cabinets. Just cut a hole in the middle to fit and mount your speaker, then stand or mount the square, *with plenty of free air space behind it*, wherever you find it sounds best. An easy disguise is a cloth India print or scarf thrown over it, light enough not to muffle the tone.

But where to locate it? The engineers will tell you, quite rightly, that to hear everything your speaker can give you should listen as nearly as possible in the middle of the direct "beam" of sound. I will not argue with that from a scientific point of view. But to get the utmost in psychological naturalness from your music (quite another matter) I recommend specifically an opposite procedure: *never* listen in the direct, unimpeded speaker beam! Instead, I suggest that you should neither see nor hear your speaker direct-face (and strangely enough, the seeing is almost as important as the hearing).

The speaker's function, remember, is to reproduce, not create; to give an illusion of naturalness as compared with an imagined original sound. The actual sound waves you hear are important of course. But the direction from which they come is equally so. We almost never hear musical sound from a single point. Even in the rare cases where the source is in fact a single fixed point, the sound that reaches us binaurally through our own two ears is largely reflected, *coming from all sides and above*—if not, then we speak of the sound as "dead," which surely implies unnaturalness. If, then, we reproduce musical sound from a single fixed point, no matter how true the physical sound may be it is grossly unrealistic in one of the basic aspects of naturally-heard sound, multi-directionality. And the more powerful we make that one-point source, the more bitterly our ears protest its unnaturalness. I can assure you that this one factor, so universally ignored in practice by engineers and laymen alike, counts as much as anything else you can think of in your own satisfaction. Indeed, so strong is the unnaturalness of the single-point source of music that even the eye is involved. Try for yourself. Listen to a speaker across a room mounted so its cone is directly visible. Then toss a thin but opaque cloth over the whole baffle or cabinet so that the speaker is invisible. Realism will at once improve! The eye can no longer accurately locate the point source and so bolster the ear in its direction-perception.

Therefore I suggest that for the best in realism with the smallest loss of tone quality, you try this. First, cover the speaker with light cloth so that it becomes an "area" to the sight. Second, place your speaker and baffle (or your phono-radio, for that matter) so that numerous shiny, hard-surfaced objects of furniture and the like break up the space between you and the sound-source. Leave plenty of "holes," but arrange so that the speaker is wholly or at least mostly out of the line of sight. (Shiny surfaces reflect, dull or soft ones merely swallow up the sound.) Hardwood chairs are helpful; if you have a heavy table or a grand piano, try placing the speaker behind, so that the sound comes partly underneath, partly above and around. Try tilting the speaker upwards, towards reflecting surfaces or even the ceiling. If you can, choose a corner; the enclosing walls help greatly in reflecting the sound all along their length and so widening the apparent sound source.

The end result should be such that, as you listen, the *exact* location of the speaker cannot be determined, either by ear or by eye, and yet there is still a feeling of direct communication (not an around-the-corner effect) between you and the speaker, a feeling of direct presence as you listen. A fine test for your friends is to turn on the machine unexpectedly, watch them look around the room for the source of the sound.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE OTHER SIDE

TO COMMEMORATE the fiftieth anniversary of its composition, HMV has recently recorded "Ein Heldenleben" in a resplendent interpretation by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (HMV DB 6620/4). By now the discursive whimperings and humorless pomposity to which Richard Strauss fell prey in the course of this tone-poem are something of which I, personally, am impatient; but could any of our contemporaries communicate such exultant *joie de vivre* as is to be found in its opening pages? Beecham's crisp, neat musical personality never appeared to better advantage than in this super-charged music. Save for a slight chamber resonance, HMV sound engineers have well met the standard set by a truly brilliant performance.

Artur Rubinstein and the music of Rachmaninoff present an amalgam which has lately proven of such prodigious popularity that one can safely predict a ready welcome for the new English recording of "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" (HMV DB 6556/8). Do not despair, however, if you already own the celebrated Rachmaninoff-Stokowski version. What the newer recording gains in decibels and frequency range it loses in musical suavity. Britain's Philharmonia Orchestra led by Walter Susskind strikes one as anemic, not to say ascetic, when compared with the Philadelphia Orchestra under the redoubtable Leopold, and Artur Rubinstein somehow misses that shaggy abandon with which the composer invested his own interpretation. The last side in this set is badly overcut.

Two refulgent reputations are represented in the new Rachmaninoff recording. "Tarnished" would be a more appropriate adjective to apply to the reputations of composer and interpreter in another recently arrived import. Neither Sir Edward Elgar nor John Barbirolli, who leads the Hallé Orchestra in the "Enigma Variations" (HMV C 3692/5), will find many partisans on this side of the Atlantic. The one is traduced as an Edwardian overstuffed bore, the other remembered chiefly for his unfortunate post-Toscanini seasons with the New York Philharmonic. My minority opinion is therefore offered a bit diffidently. In Elgar's lustrously orchestrated "Enigma Variations," I find a work of bewitching fancy and touching nobility of soul. Further, I can imagine no more satisfying performance than that given by Mr. Barbirolli and his splendid Manchester Orchestra. The recording is spacious and resonant.

R. G.

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CONTENTS OF ALBUM
(carefully chosen selections—10 full sides)

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   b. Hess Confesses Faking His Amnesia
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THE JAZZ BEAT

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

WITH his abrasive brass aided and abetted by other sections only slightly less aggressive, Stanley Newcomb Kenton has cut quite a swath for himself in this jazz business. (The word *business* is used loosely, for an alarming number of practitioners are finding themselves in the midst of an employment doldrum, forced to pound the street instead of a drumhead.) Whether Kenton is working in heroic bronze or merely fashioning half-baked ceramics only time may tell us.

So you can leave the evaluation to a better-perspectived historian at a later date. What is with the status as of quo? Well, it seems that Kenton, abetted by his able arranger and number one factotum Pete Rugolo, has just been delivered of his *chef d'oeuvre:* "A Presentation of Progressive Jazz" (Capitol Album CD 79, $3.91.) On these eight sides you may find Kenton and company at their creative height. The most concise and admirably integrated three-minute utterance of the group to date is in the recording entitled "Monotony." If, as he has implied on several occasions, the leader has tried to mirror musically the complex neuroses of our time, "Monotony" is, literally, a resounding success. To get abjectly subjective, it may be said that the composers have uprooted today's psychoses and examined them under the light of a ram-jet exhaust against a background-sound of raucous warbabble and coursing traffic.

One historic thing that Kenton has done is to assimilate into a large, modern band, the color and the texture of the Cuban rhythm section. The incisive comments of the small bongo drums (masterfully played by Jack Costanzo), the chattering of the maracas against the pleasant hubbub of the cow bell, the conga drum, and the usual bass, guitar, and trap drum have done as much as anything to give the Kenton aggregation a New Sound. After hearing "Cuban Carnival," "Fugue for Rhythm Section," and "Lament," you will find the conventional big-band rhythm sections strangely wanting.

Also in the album are two warmly-intoned pieces which exhibit the legitimate playing of altoist George Weidler—"Elegy for Alto" and "Impressionism." There are two songs for June Christy. She sings "Lonely Woman" beautifully but you may find Rugolo's orchestral setting incongruous. In the other song, "This Is My Theme," Kenton has striven for an unusual effect: to sketch in music something of a poetic recitative by the singer. The band is a sound track for the lady's narration. The wordage is such to give a finished actress pause. Miss Christy is no actress and the piece is a pretentious failure.

All the same, this is a great album of impelling performances. When you remember the overly-syncopated matter that Kenton churned out back around 1942, it is astonishing that the same leader has created such estimable music. Kenton and cohorts, along with the badgered beboppers are among the few musicians today who are making new things happen, who stimulate and thrill, who, if nothing else, are actuating the young players to strike out along new paths.

JACK PARNELL QUARTET: *"Scrubber Time"; "On the Sunny Side of the Street."* (London 162, 79¢.)

Notable more for the realism of the ffrr recording process than the musical content. The quartet dispenses tasteful, pleasant music but it is the reproduction of it which commands the attention. Try this one on the highest-fidelity reproducer you can find. You will find it difficult to equal such sound anywhere.

SCAT MAN CROTHERS: *"Dead Man's Blues"; "The Thing."* (Capitol 15076, 79¢.)

Two fine, commercial blues by Capitol's newcomer, a Pacific Coast character who, it is said, has a vogue in that sector. The Scat Man sings with an amazing coarse huskiness, as if he had just swallowed a trombone mute. Nevertheless, the chanting is good humorous entertainment, certainly one of the provinces of music.

BENNY GOODMAN QUARTET: *"The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise"; "Shirley Steps Out."* (Capitol 15069, 79¢.)

The madly-paced "World," while not up to the similar "Shoeless Joe Jackson" opus on Commodore (actually also by Goodman) is still quite moving by virtue of its staggering facility and momentum if nothing else; it is reminiscent, in fact, of the halcyon Krupa-Hampton days, praise be. The second offering is a relaxed, melodious original by Mel Powell—all in all, the best pairing by Goodman in many, many months.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Clark, Buddy: "Blue Shadows on the Trail." Columbia 38170, 75¢.	Clark tries on the ten-gallon hat of the cowboy style, and finds that it becomes him. A neat bit of balladeering by a popular singer distinguished by the fact that he really has a voice.
Gillespie, Dizzy: "Ool-Ya-Koo," Victor 20-2878, 75¢.	The often spectacular Gillespie puts on the false face of comedy, revealing himself as something of a Spike Jones of the augmented interval. Dizzy is a wonderful entertainer to watch but it is no fun to listen to him abuse his horn as he does here.
Hasselgard, Stan: "Swedish Pastry." Capitol 15062, 79¢.	A strange name to most followers of popular music, Hasselgard is a new arrival from Sweden who combines some of the Goodman fluency with the jazz feeling of Charlie Parker or Lennie Tristano. In other words, he plays fine. These first sides ("Who Sleeps" is the companion title) are considerably enhanced by Red Norvo at the vibes, and an excellent rhythm section.
Humes, Helen: "Today I Sing the Blues." Mercury 8077, 79¢.	Humes is a subtle vocalist who deserves a wider celebrity than has so far come to her. With the help of an old-time collaborator in their days with Count Basie—the trumpeter, Buck Clayton—she dignifies some indifferent material with her voice and style.
Machito and his Afro-Cubans: "Souvenir Album." Decca album 595, $3.91.	An exciting experience in authentic Afro-Cuban music, or as authentic as you are likely to hear in these latitudes. The sides offer a little too much of Machito's singing, at the expense of what is easily the finest rhythm section in the business, but it's balm to the ears, anyway.
Noble, Ray: "Suspicion." Columbia 38146, 75¢.	The English bandmaster delivers a deft song of jealousy in an impeccable accent, and adds to it his grand old "Goodnight Sweetheart." What anniversary of its composition is celebrated by this umpteenth recording is not revealed, but he serves it with all the sugar appropriate to a ceremonial occasion.
Parenti, Toni: "The Ragtime Band." Circle album, S-8, $3.75.	There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the rags and cakewalks in this album, and it is thoroughly probable that weeks of research were devoted to them. However, that is no guarantee of excitement in the listening; one reason for its lack could be the relative unfamiliarity of some of the musicians with the archaic material. Historically, the collection has its interests, but it is largely for the highbrows among the shorthairs.
Paxton, George: "Sweet and Lovely," "Yale Blues." Musicraft 15115, 79¢.	A lesson in ensemble finesse by a dance orchestra which perfectly exemplifies the besetting vice of most present-day organizations—superb technique expended in a near-vacuum of style. "Sweet and Lovely" is still both as a tune, nevertheless.
Powell, Ginnie: "St. Louis Blues" and "The Lady Is a Tramp." Atlantic 861, 79¢.	Handy's famous anthem survives the new if tired look that Johnny Richard's arrangement gives to it, though he might not recognize it in the futuristic dress provided by Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. Miss Powell's vocalizing is excellent, as usual, and, as usual, it is the worthiest thing on the record. In any case, it is pleasant to have an up-to-date version of the enjoyable Rodgers and Hart lilt.
Shore, Dinah: "Better Luck Next Time," "Steppin' Out with My Baby." Columbia 38191, 75¢.	A pair of selections—like those below—from the new Irving Berlin film "Easter Parade." "Better Luck Next Time" is a thoroughly characteristic Berlin tune, with a neat lyric idea well matched to a melody new enough to be interesting, and not so unfamiliar as to require much learning. Miss Shore sings it with taste, if at a tempo a little slower than the best results warrant. Sonny Burke does a good job of the clever arrangement, probably his own. The overside "rhythm" number is a little trite.
Sinatra, Frank: "A Fella with an Umbrella," "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." Columbia 38192, 75¢.	More new Berlin songs, sung with suave charm by the able Sinatra. "Fella with an Umbrella" is especially attractive, for he's "looking for a girl who saved her love for a rainy day." Alex Stordahl gives Sinatra orchestral assistance of fine quality.
Stafford, Jo: "American Folk Songs." Capitol Album, CC-75, $3.12.	Purists may balk at the rich-toned arrangements Paul Weston has provided for Miss Stafford's singing of "Barbara Allen," "Poor Wayfaring Stranger," etc., but she performs them with grace and spirit. What results is hard to categorize, but it is of its own excellence.

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Points on Portables

WITH THE beginning of the summer outing season, portable phonographs are again in demand. The prospective buyer will find himself faced with a wide gamut of models ranging in price from $19.95 to $295. No attempt has been made in the listing that follows to give an exhaustive tabulation of *all* available portable phonographs. However, it does provide a cross-section of 1948 models and indicates major manufacturers.

We have decided against rating portable phonographs as regards tonal quality. From the standpoint of both frequency range and resonance, no portable could be rated "excellent" and the great majority would deserve no better appellation than "poor." However, since portable phonographs are generally used amid informal and unexacting circumstances, this general deficiency is not too important. Suffice it to say that one should not expect too much from a machine which employs less than two amplification tubes and which uses a speaker smaller than six inches. Lightweight models in the $20 class (the number of these are legion) reproduce fairly adequately the basic elements of a jazz disc but can scarcely cope with full-range symphonic recording. On the other hand, such machines as the Amplitone RP3A or London "Piccadilly" will please all but the most exacting sticklers for high fidelity.

A word should be added concerning acoustical portables—the hand-wind variety employing a mechanical sound box instead of an electronic amplifier. At one time these were the only portable phonographs available, but they have lately fallen into disfavor due to the bother of cranking a spring motor and to the "tinny" quality of reproduction. Acoustical phonographs are not listed below. General price range is from $16 to $28, depending on size of sound box and type of covering. Weight varies from seven to twenty pounds. The excellent Swiss acoustical machines (superior in tonal quality to cheap electric portables) are no longer being imported. Those who wish to use a portable phonograph where no electricity is available should note the battery models listed opposite.

In addition to those listed here, we would like to mention a well-constructed model by Capitol, even more versatile. It is usable as a straight electric machine on AC current; with the hand-wind motor, using DC power; or with batteries and the hand-wind motor with no electric current at all. It is priced at $59.50.

Portable Electric Phonographs

(110-volt, A.C. operation only unless otherwise specified. Number of tubes stated includes rectifier. Prices are as of May 15, 1948, and subject to change. TC = tone control.)

NAME AND MODEL	PRICE	WEIGHT	SPEAKER	TUBES	REMARKS
SINGLE RECORD PLAYERS:					
Dynavox 900	$19.95	9 lbs.	5″	2	
Espey 14	.....	8 lbs.	3½″	2	Price undetermined. Approx. $20.
Espey 15	.....	9¾ lbs.	4″	2	Price undetermined. Approx. $20.
Gotham	19.95	9 lbs.	5″	2	
Portofonic 33A	19.95	10 lbs.	5″	2	
Teletone 182	19.95	.....	5″	2	
Televox 25	19.95	9 lbs.	5″	2	
Trav-Ler 7015	19.95	10 lbs.	4″	2	TC.
Birch 45	21.95	10 lbs.	2½″	2	
Steelman 100	22.50	10 lbs.	5″	2	
Portofonic 44A	22.95	10 lbs.	5″	2	TC.
Birch 402	24.50	11 lbs.	3″	2	
Silvertone* 8144	24.95	11 lbs.	4″	3	TC.
Airline 926	26.95	11 lbs.	5″	2	TC. (Montgomery Ward)
Phonola K92	27.50	9¼ lbs.	4″	2	
Birch 204	29.95	12 lbs.	4″	2	TC.
Dynavox 910	29.95	10 lbs.	5″	2	TC.
Emerson 542	29.95	11½ lbs.	5″	3	TC.
Phonola K104	32.50	.....	5″	2	
Steelman 305	32.50	15 lbs.	5″	3	TC.
Birch 502	33.95	14 lbs.	5″	2	TC.
Steelman 306	34.95	20 lbs.	6½″	3	TC.
Silvertone* 8148	35.25	10 lbs.	4″	3	Permanent sapphire pickup.
Birch 603	37.95	15 lbs.	6″	3	TC.
Dynavox 510	39.95	14 lbs.	6½″	3	TC.
Fada 633	39.95	17 lbs.	5″	4	TC.
Phonola K202	39.95	12½ lbs.	6″	3	TC.
Birch 803	44.95	17 lbs.	8″	3	TC.
Espey 621	44.95	13½ lbs.	5″	2	
Philco 1200	49.95	.....	4″	2	"Slide-in" feeding mechanism.
Silvertone* 8149	51.75	20 lbs.	5″	3	Permanent sapphire pickup. TC. Removable speaker, 15′ cord.
Phonola K253	54.00	21 lbs.	6″	3	TC.
Califone 6A	54.95	9 lbs.	4″	...	78 and 33⅓ RPM. Detachable speaker. TC.
London Piccadilly	119.95	38 lbs.	6″	3	Sapphire pickup. Garrard motor with 12″ turntable. TC. Frequency response of 100 to 14,000 cycles (within plus or minus 2 db).
Steelman 500	119.95 (approx.)	45 lbs.	10″	5	Plays transcription size (16″) discs. 78 and 33⅓ RPM. TC.
AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS:					
Steelman 210	42.50	25 lbs.	6″	2	TC.
Birch RC52	49.95	17½ lbs.	5″	2	
Dynavox 300	49.95	17 lbs.	5″	2	TC.
Steelman 355	52.50	30 lbs.	6½″	3	TC.
Emerson 582	59.95	.....	5″	3	TC.
Phonola K263	59.95	27 lbs.	.....	...	TC.
Dynavox AP-514	69.95	21 lbs.	6½″	3	TC.
Espey 641	79.95	21½ lbs.	6″	4	TC.
Phonola K273	79.95	25 lbs.	6″	3	TC.
Amplitone RP3A	89.95	23 lbs.	8″	3	Pyramid construction gives added baffle area. Selenium rectifier. TC.
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS (with automatic changer):					
ECA 105	29.95	.....	5″	5	No automatic changer. TC.
ECA 131	39.95	.....	5″	2	TC.
Fada 637	79.95	28 lbs.	5″	6	TC.
Espey 6634	119.95	23¼ lbs.	6″	6	Broadcast & short wave. TC.
Zenith 7RO7O	159.95	33 lbs.	5″	7	"Cobra" pickup. TC.
Libertyphone 6635	169.50	38 lbs.	6″	6	Broadcast & short wave. TC. Leather covering.
Portomatic 400WA	175.00	42 lbs.	6″	8	Broadcast & short wave. TC. Aero covering. (Leather covering $50 extra.)
Dynamic W56	189.50	47 lbs.	8″	9	Ansley radio unit (broadcast & short wave). TC. Aero covering (Leather covering $30 extra.)
Libertyphone 250	199.50	38 lbs.	9″	9	Broadcast & short wave. Elliptical speaker. TC. Leather covering.
Dynamic GAC	219.50	47 lbs.	8″	9	Garrard changer. Ansley radio unit (broadcast & short wave). TC. Aero covering. (Model GAC also available in AC-DC. 25-60 cycles, 110-220 volts, leather covering, at higher cost.)
Portomatic U400GA	245.00	42 lbs.	6″	8	AC-DC, 25-60 cycles. Garrard changer. Broadcast & short wave. TC. Aero covering (Leather covering $50 extra.)
Libertyphone 260	249.50	37 lbs.	9″	9	AC-DC. Garrard changer. Broadcast & short wave. Elliptical speaker. TC. Leather covering.
BATTERY POWERED:					
Fada 731	39.95	19½ lbs.	6″	1	Electric amplifier powered by batteries. Hand-wind motor.
Silvertone* 8169	40.85	19½ lbs.	4″	3	Amplifier powered either by batteries or by AC-DC line current. Hand-wind motor. TC.
Silvertone* 8168	44.50	19½ lbs.	4″	3	Permanent sapphire pickup. Amplifier powered either by batteries or by AC-DC line current. Hand-wind motor. TC.

*Silvertone models sold by Sears, Roebuck stores.

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HITS AND MISSES

EVERY so often a large part of the country goes daft over a song. For the rest of the Republic the experience is apt to be trying, but it may also prove instructive—as an index of the national temper. The latest case, it will be no news for our readers to hear, is a work called "Nature Boy," composed by a Southern Californian named Ahbez who, if the news releases can be believed, has managed to combine certain of the rigors of the yogi metaphysic with the production and care of an Occidental family, and whose bearded photograph, plainly in the likeness of an ineffable personage, has been widely circulated in newsprint. One gathers from the press that the heavy increment following the success of "Nature Boy" may stimulate Mr. Ahbez to the purchase of various household goods, and one can only hope, with all sincerity, that whatever calm his disciplines may have enabled him to achieve will not be disrupted by his sudden visitation from ASCAP.

This department has heard both the Sinatra version (Columbia 38210, 75¢) and the best-selling King Cole without being shaken in our belief that if Frank cannot make a song, nobody can. What we glean from the pair is an innocuous minor melody rigged up with words extolling the superlative value of "love." Now we are not in the least dismissive of national song rages. We still find the item "Yes, We Have No Bananas" of definite surrealist force, so much so that the much more recent "Hut Sut Song" seems a feeble thing by comparison (there is also, of course, the detail that "Yes" is a tune of authentic sweep). Furthermore, we were actually present, in the convulsed flesh, when Riley & Farley introduced "The Music Goes Round and Round" to New York, and our companions, two such cynical old guitarists as Carl Kress and the late Dick McDonough, went so far as to share our mood. We are still of the opinion that "The Music" was one of the healthiest germs that ever infected the body politic. But this "Nature Boy" is another matter. It seems to us that the translation of high-level Hindu-style speculation—as practised near Hollywood by Aldous Huxley, *et al.*—into terms of popular music is fraught with peril. How can we be sure that when Mr. Ahbez's lyric reaches the word "love" the untutored listener will not be reminded of Lana Turner around the period of her first marriage? We can't—and we are afraid that while the popularity of "Nature Boy" may partially reflect a national hankering after the life of meditation, it has also connotations not exactly mystical.

The rest of the month's exhibits come down to earth like an oil drill. We are happy to note that despite the mechanical jump music and the mechanized knights-of-the-bathos there is a revival of the corny old atmosphere of the early Twenties, or even earlier. While the reversal of the clock may be genuinely impossible, surely a few minutes, or hours, a day may be spent in tender musical retrospection. The following discs, none of them in the least epoch-making, are recommended to those who share this department's pleasure in silver standard tunes offered as silver, or gold standard tunes not masquerading as platinum.

The other side of Sinatra's "Nature Boy" is the durable "S'posin," which will allow the customer to have the "Nature Boy" experience without suffering an utter rooking. There are few more welcome invasions of the silence than a good record of "Dardanella," and Chuck Foster provides one (Mercury 5125, 79¢). Spike Jones is noted for his horseplay with musical standards, as in "William Tell Overture." This gambit can get rather tiresome, but Spike can also deliver 100-proof circus music, as in the reverse, "By the Beautiful Sea" (RCA-Victor 20-2861, 75¢). We go out of our way to warn off musicologists who distrust the trombone swipe. A disc called "I've Been Working on the Guitar" (Victor 20-2876, 75¢) proves to be an innocent and winning series of variations by Chet Atkins and his Colorado Mountain Boys on "I've Been Working on the Railroad." And while we are in this vein, boyhood nostalgias for "American Patrol" can easily be assuaged by Bill Boyd and his Cowboy Ramblers (RCA-Victor 20-2833, 75¢). The obverse is a desolating cry from the heart, "Closed for Repairs."

Even Benny Goodman seems to have trussed himself in musical old lace; his "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place" (Columbia 38198, 75¢) would have sounded not too advanced in the Harding Administration, although detailed inspection, of course, reveals sundry modernisms. But it is the spirit that counts. "Hindustan" and "Bedelia" are done, à la Lombardo, by Jan Garber (Columbia 38205, 75¢) and that ancient plaint "Aggravatin' Papa" is well served, with savory saxophone work, by Lil Green (Victor 20-2809, 75¢). Somewhere in the past, I should suppose, I missed a tune called "Dainty Brenda Lee"; or else it merely *seems* to be vintage. In any case, it is pleasant, and well handled by Eddy Howard (Majestic 1252, 79¢). The broad tolerance of spring weather may also be extended to Kay Kyser's album of "Campus Favorites" (Columbia C150, $3.90). Damned though we be, from the Marxist cadres to the Friends of Walter Piston, we insist on the inherent virtue of many American college airs, and there is also the fortunate fact that many schools use the same tunes, so that Kyser's purchasers will discover him representing many more institutions than Navy, Wisconsin, Army, Notre Dame, Yale, Washington & Lee, and U.C.L.A. (Beware the hollow tribute at the conclusion of *Amici*). Merely to register the vote, this department considers the greatest academic effort to be "Washington & Lee Swing" and "On Wisconsin." Other votes will not be counted.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

In Re "Gurrelieder"

SIR: I have a letter from RCA Victor saying that there were plans for the re-issue of Schönberg's "Gurrelieder," but "production difficulties" had caused a delay. In my own restricted circle of friends I know of four potential sales for a set at more or less standard prices. I know, too, from my own attempts to get a set, that the current quotation on a used copy is $74. . . . I should be glad to make a deposit on a re-issue myself.

CARL LEVINSON.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: I was most pleased to see the request for the reissuing of Schönberg's "Gurrelieder." I, too, would like to urge the reappearance of this album. It's been absent from the shelves for too long.

MRS. EDWARD M. CHANDLER.

Middletown, Pa.

SIR: It was most gratifying to see an expression of interest in the reissue of "Gurrelieder." At a time when the music of Schönberg and his school is slowly but surely gaining the public which it should have, such interest in one of the monumental creations of the twentieth century is a heartening sign. . . .

DIKA NEWLIN.

Westminster, Md.

SIR: I would like to second the motion concerning the reissue of Schönberg's "Gurrelieder." I have long had the desire to add this album to my collection.

THOMAS L. DINGES.

South Bend, Ind.

SIR: I would like to add my vote for the reissuing of Schönberg's "Gurrelieder." I have been looking for it for years.

GLEN CLARK.

San Bernardino, Calif.

SIR: Lack of demand was cited as the reason for not reissuing Schönberg's "Gurrelieder." I would like to class myself among those who would like to see this work reissued. I consider it among the most beautiful in the whole field of contemporary music.

VIRGINIA COLVILLE.

East Cleveland, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Some research since the first mention of a demand for Schönberg's "Gurrelieder" in these columns last month indicates that a set in usable condition has been sold for as much as $150, rather than the $74 quoted by Mr. Levinson. For any item to be bid up to ten times its original cost is indicative of a demand which should be of interest to those who control its marketability. Considering the success of Schönberg's "Verklaerte Nacht" (recorded as "Pillar of Fire," from its ballet identification) some thought should be directed to reinstating its remarkable counterpart.*

RCA-Victor 83

SIR: Regarding RCA-Victor album 83, referred to as out of print by a correspondent in your letters section, we have had this item in stock for at least a year and a half, in large quantities. . . . We believe yours is the best of the record-review magazines, but admit being surprised that the editor didn't mention that RCA-Victor album 83 is easily available.

HAROLD LANES.

Birkel-Richardson,
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is merely a reflection of a situation noted in other connections: namely, that items may be generously available in one section of the country, but not another, or generally. The cause, apparently, is that "runs" of certain items are made in the plants of Victor or Columbia in several parts of the country, but may not get into distribution channels outside that area.*

Up with Canby

SIR: I would like to add my warm thanks and appreciation for Edward Tatnall Canby's excellent reviews and the information which he conveys in his column "Some Highs and Lows." . . . This column is especially interesting, most informative, and, like Kenneth S. Keyes, Jr., I can hardly wait for the next one.

BERNARD WEISS.

New York, N. Y.

A bás, Kolodin

SIR: Does Irving Kolodin actually listen to all the records he reviews? I was amazed to find his statement that "Stokowski includes a 'Galop' which Fiedler omits." If Kolodin had actually listened to both sets he would have found Fiedler taking the Mazurka at a faster tempo leaving room to get the "Galop" on the same side. . . . A small matter, to be sure, as indeed Khatchaturian's "Masquerade" is a small matter, but what must we think now of music critics—that we haven't suspected for a good many years?

MORTON I. BLENDER.

Providence, R. I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If the editor didn't listen to all the records he reviewed, he might have a clearer recollection of what Mr. Blender describes as "a small matter." In any case, he put his faith in the record-label, which omitted mention of the "Galop." Or, as the sum of the matter must indicate, he just made a mistake.*

Ultraphone

SIR: I am very much interested in your excellent record section. . . . Is there a possibility of giving me the address of the Ultraphone Co.? I am interested in their catalogue, especially for Mengelberg recordings. As I lost a great many records during the war, I would like to replace several items. Can you tell me where in the States Cortot's Chopin records can be obtained?

JAN HEERING.

Maracaibo, Venezuela.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Ultraphone catalogue was announced as assigned to the Keynote Company in this country some months ago. However, no plans for the issue of those cherishable items has come through since then. As for the Cortot, some are available through such importers as the Gramophone Shop or Liberty Music Co. in New York.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA				
(*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Manhattan Towers (D)	Rumanian Rhapsody (RCA)	Mozart Requiem (Cet)
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music House*)	Turkish Delight (RCA)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Hirt auf dem Felsen (RCA)	Shan Kar Album
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	Mañana (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Toccata and Fugue (EDA)	Gayne ballet (C)
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)				
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Bea Lillie (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tagliavini Arias (RCA)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson Ross, Inc.*)	Little White Lies (D)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Student Prince (C)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Rumanian Rhapsody (RCA)	Saint-Saens Violin Concerto No. 3 (DISC)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Gayne ballet (C)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Mañana (Cap)	Lutcher Album (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Lecuona Album (RCA)
DETROIT				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Little White Lies (D)	Desert Song (RCA)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Lecuona Album (RCA)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Gayne ballet (C)
KANSAS CITY, MO.				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	Nutcracker Suite (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Gayne ballet (C)
LOS ANGELES				
(*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Bachianas Brasileiras (C)	Peter Grimes (EDA)
(*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	La Bohème (C)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words & Music*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Busy Fingers (RCA)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Cherry Duet (Cet)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Busy Fingers (RCA)	Malaguena (C)	Student Prince (C)
NASHVILLE				
(*MJ Sound System*)	Now Is the Hour (Cap)	Tony Martin (Merc)	Sabre Dance (C)	Grieg Concerto (RCA)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)				
(*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Peggy Lee (Cap)	Addio del Passato (RCA)	Mozart G Minor Symphony (C)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Manhattan Towers (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Medium and Telephone (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U.S.A. (RCA)	Sabre Dance (C)	Bolero (EDA)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Bohème-Tauber (C)	Sleeping Beauty (RCA)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Vaughan Monroe (RCA)	Sabre Dance (C)	Erna Sack album (L)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U.S.A. (RCA)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Gayne ballet (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Camarata (L)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	L'Histoire du Soldat (RCA)
OMAHA				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	L'Histoire du Soldat (RCA)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Elkan-Vogel Co.*)			Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	L'Histoire du Soldat (RCA)
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U.S.A. (RCA)	Orpheus in the Underworld (RCA)	Symphony on a Mt. Air (C)
(*The Record Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U.S.A. (RCA)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Peter Grimes (EDA)
PORTLAND, ME.				
(*Cressey & Allen*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Lombardo Twin Pianos (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Tagliavini Arias (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*The Record Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Vaughan Monroe (RCA)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Tagliavini Arias (RCA)
(*Sherman Clay*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Frankie Laine (Merc)	2nd Hungarian Rhapsody (Piano Quartet) (RCA)	Gayne ballet (C)
ROCHESTER, N. Y.				
(*Esler's*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Carousel (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	Gayne ballet (C)
SAN FRANCISCO				
(*Sherman Clay Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Busy Fingers (RCA)	Rumanian Rhapsody (RCA)	Sleeping Beauty (RCA)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	Graduation Ball (RCA)
WASHINGTON, D. C.				
(*Brentano's*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Blue Danube (LA-2)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Peer Gynt (C)

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra D—Decca EDA—English Decca L—London Merc—Mercury R—Rondo RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: The small trend to Capitol's "Nature Boy" (with King Cole), which showed three stores reporting it last month, has multiplied since from all points of the compass, to a total of twenty-four. It has surpassed the "Sabre Dance" as the overwhelming preference of Americans in their record buying, though the latter's rating with sixteen stores is a good deal of sabre rattling. The orchestral version (Chicago) is preferred in nine outlets, the piano (Levant) in seven. The sale of the complete "Gayne" ballet has fallen off, from fifteen last month to six this. Among popular albums Decca's Song of Our Times Series is a best seller in nine stores, doubling the total for its nearest challenger "Inside U.S.A."

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"What will the American people say when they finally learn the truth?" wrote General Joseph W. Stilwell in a letter to his wife. The truth, that is, about Chiang Kai-shek and the government in China, where for three years, as Commanding General of the China-Burma-India theatre, Stilwell had been fighting to win a political, as well as a polemic war. ■ But the American people never heard the truth from General Stilwell's lips. Until his death, he kept silent. ■ Now, through his *personal* letters and diaries, written *not with an eye to publication but for his own use,* "Vinegar Joe" speaks out to the American people.

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**Gordon S. Seagrave, author of "Burma Surgeon".*

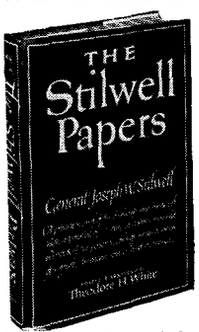
Stilwell said

of his policy in China: "When I started in over here, I said to myself that the only safe policy for a deck-hand of my caliber was to go straight down the middle of the road. . . . There could be no attempted shortcuts by playing politics. . . . I never had to worry what to tell the G-Mo [Generalissimo]. All I had for him was the truth, pleasant or unpleasant. . . . I could say anything I pleased and go away secure in my own mind that the crowd of Yes-Men, parasites, idolaters, and sycophants around him could not break it down. How could they, if it was true?"

of the Chinese people: "There must be tremendous cohesion in the Chinese people for them to survive the terrible neglect and maladministration of their so-called "leaders'."

of the end of his mission: "If a man can say he did not let his country down, and if he can live with himself, there is nothing more he can reasonably ask for."

THE Stilwell Papers



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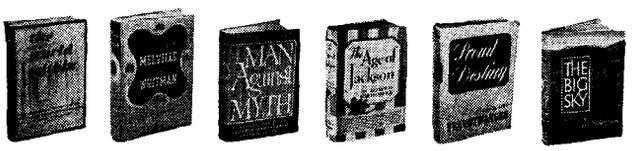

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